

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 3.

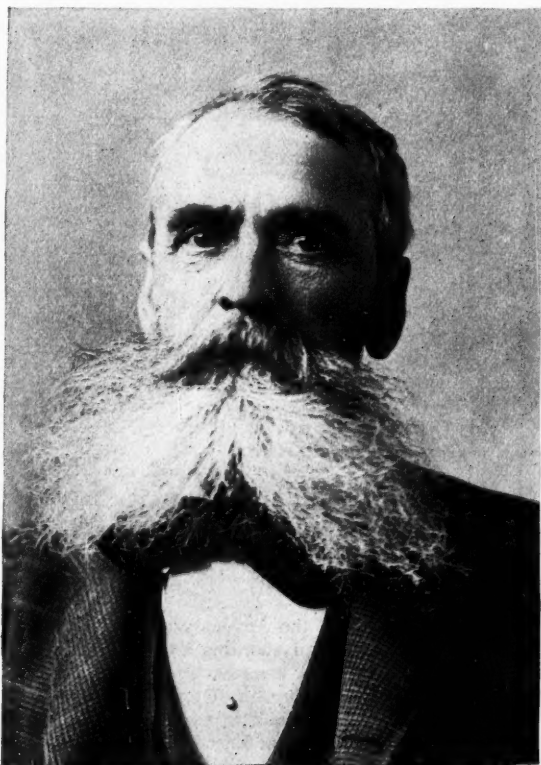
## ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

*Current chat from gallery, studio, and picture mart—Notes on some American painters of the day, with portraits and engravings of representative canvases.*

AN institution that has attained to the very respectable longevity of a seventieth annual exhibition may well find it difficult to beat its record, as the phrase goes; yet in our opinion the National Academy of Design has accomplished the feat this year. Its spring display included more notable pictures, and showed a wider range of strong work and serious endeavor than any of its predecessors. We greet it as a promise of the hoped for time when the Academy shall be recognized as the great center—not the sole center, by any means, but the foremost one—of American art, and shall become national in the fullest sense of the word.

Henry Mosler, returned from his long sojourn in Paris, showed an ambitious and decidedly successful composition of French peasant life, "The Last Moments." Louis P. Dessar sent from France a large Salon canvas, showing fishermen setting sail in the gray of dawn. W. L. Picknell, of whom we spoke last month as having been too little in evidence of late, was represented by two pictures, one of them the recipient of an honorable mention at the Salon. Of painters more closely identified with New York, William M. Chase, Thomas Moran, Henry Oliver Walker, Mrs. Edith Prellwitz, George R. Barse, Jr., Charles C. Curran, and several others showed work that added to their rep-

utations. There was capital work in a dozen lines and in a dozen styles. The impressionists were notably represented—a distinct departure from the Academy's former traditions. Of course—to strike the one discordant note of the exhibition—there were also a few canvases, hanging on the line, that owed their admission solely to the obsolete



Thomas Moran, N. A.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"At the Shoemaker's."

From the painting by G. Puig Roda—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

privilege, claimed by members of the Academy, of exemption from the criticism of the jury of selection.

\* \* \* \*

ONE of the pictures at the Academy exhibition showed a woman standing on a stage and singing, with her mouth opened to its widest extent. Lessing, the German critic, once wrote a whole book to explain why, though Vergil describes Laocoon in his death agony as emitting terrible cries, the sculptor of the famous group in the Vatican thought it better taste to represent

the strangling Trojan priest with closed lips. To those who saw Mr. Eakins' striking and well painted "Singer," Lessing's learned discourse became unnecessary. The depiction of a jaw distended to its fullest latitude causes the muscles of all who behold it to ache.

\* \* \* \*

THOMAS MORAN is perhaps the best known member of a remarkable family. He is one of four brothers, sons of a weaver in a Lancashire factory, who came to America and made reputations as artists. The other



COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"The Marauders."

From the painting by G. von Meiss—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 22d St., New York.

three were Edward Moran, the marine painter; Peter Moran, the etcher and animal painter; and John Moran, a photographer and landscape painter. Mary Nimmo Moran, Thomas Moran's wife, is one of the best etchers in the country; their son Paul

dred sketches, plates, and prints, as a concrete history of the development of recent American art.

\* \* \* \*

In this department a few months ago we spoke of the fact that in spite of the con-



"A Song Without Words."

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by W. Thorne.*

has a full inheritance of artistic talent. Edward Moran's sons, Leon and Percy, are two of the cleverest of our younger wielders of the brush, their specialty being figure and genre work, graceful in drawing and rich in color.

Thomas Moran is by preference a landscape painter, but he is also a most versatile and catholic artist. The results of his thirty five years' experimentation with almost every artistic process have been exhibited, in the shape of a collection of several hun-

stant demand for the newest and the latest in art, as well as in science and industry, yet the "old masters" still command a great clientèle. Their clientèle would be larger yet were it not that many picture lovers and picture buyers have learned to question the authenticity of so much work that is offered to them with the cachet of famous names. The exaggerations of over boastful collectors have done almost as much mischief as the actual frauds of unscrupulous dealers. In a collection recently



COPYRIGHT, 1864, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"No Thoroughfare."

*From the painting by Haynes Williams—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.*



"My Heart Is Over the Sea."

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by Jan van Beer.*

sent to New York, for sale, by a foreign nobleman, were canvases attributed to Titian and Murillo. Of the former, of whose authenticity there was some apparent doubt, the catalogue declared that the picture "is considered by many connoisseurs as the second chef d'œuvre of this great idealist"; of the latter it added, with still more striking modesty, that "the pro-

prietor of this painting challenges the world in asserting it to be absolutely the finest of Murillo's existing works." Such bombast is ridiculous when attached to obscure canvases attributed—even if correctly attributed—to painters whose masterpieces are familiar exhibits in the great European galleries; and it is mischievous in that it tends to discredit other collections



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"Wait a Minute!"

From the painting by Arthur J. Elsley—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.

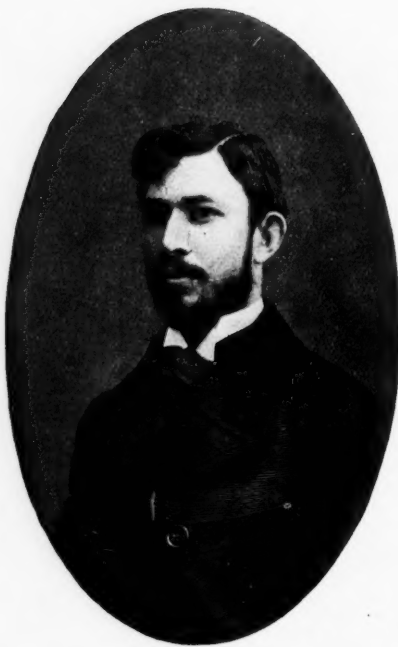
whose sponsors may be thoroughly accurate and careful.

\* \* \* \*

THE following item is sent us by a correspondent:

Upon the wall of a well known art col-

lector's house there hangs a handsomely framed panel that has attracted considerable attention as a curio. There is neither beginning nor end to the composition, which contains nothing except a few branches and some shrubbery, terminated



S. Seymour Thomas.

*From a photograph by Yrondy, Paris.*

abruptly at both sides of the frame. In the lower right hand corner of the picture is the signature of Corot, the great French painter of idyllic landscapes.

"That picture," said the owner to some friends recently, designating the panel, "is an illustration of the lack of knowledge of art that many wealthy persons have who pay large sums of money for paintings. The panel was originally a portion of a large painting, which a gentleman purchased for \$7,500. He bought the picture to fill a certain space upon his wall, but found it was some six inches too long. He sent for a carpenter and had him saw seven inches off the end—the end bearing the painter's signature."

\* \* \* \* \*

IN the great collection of pictures at the Chicago Exhibition there was scarcely one that attracted more attention than "An Innocent Victim," Seymour Thomas' pathetic rendering of the death scene of a sister of charity, shot on one of the battlefields of the Franco German war.

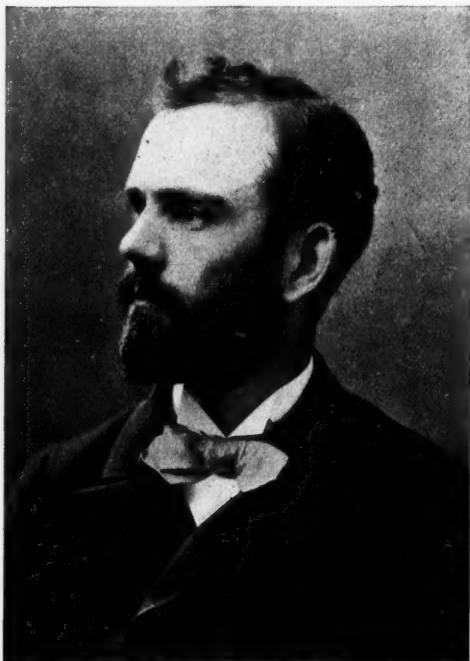
On this page we give a portrait of the artist, who is one of the cleverest of the young American painters in

France. He hails from San Antonio, Texas, and went to Paris about six years ago, to become a student at the well known Julien academy. He made his mark quickly as a painter of landscapes, figures, and genre work, most of his subjects being found in the peasant life of rural France. But the "Innocent Victim" is by far the best thing he has done. It is a truly remarkable picture—as strong a work, perhaps, as has ever been achieved by so young a painter. It was first shown at the Champs Elysées Salon of 1892, and though it did not win a medal there were not a few critics who thought it deserved one. At the World's Fair it received one of the highest prizes.

Seymour Thomas is the first son of the Lone Star State to win high artistic rank—a fact that leads his fellow countrymen to watch his promising career with added interest.

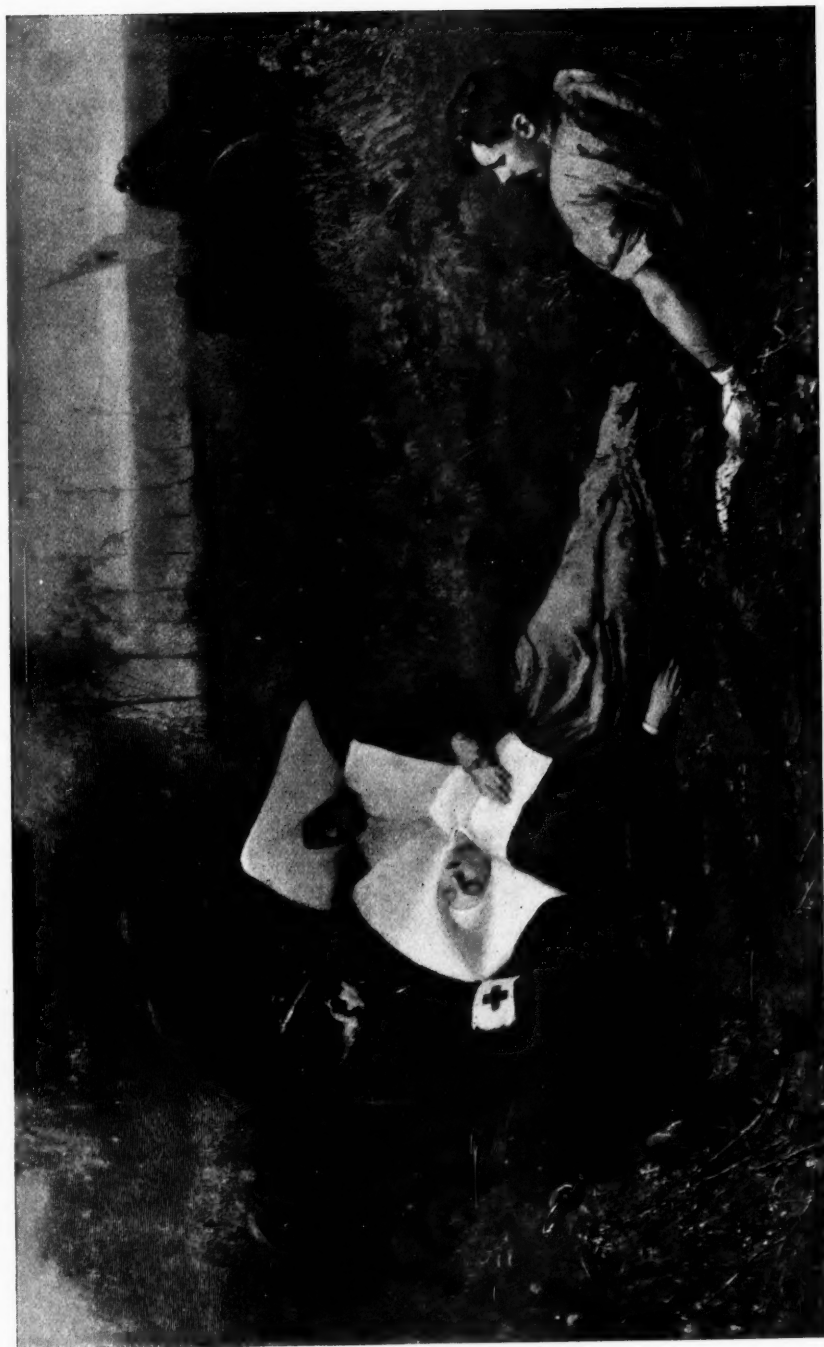
\* \* \* \* \*

PERCY IVES, whose portrait appears with that of Seymour Thomas, is another painter who proves that the younger sections of the United States are not devoid of native artistic genius. His work is known from Chicago to Paris. He was born just thirty one years ago in Detroit, where he re-



Percy Ives.

*From a photograph by Husker, Detroit.*



"An Innocent Victim."  
From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Draum, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by S. Seymour Thomas.



COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO., 257 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

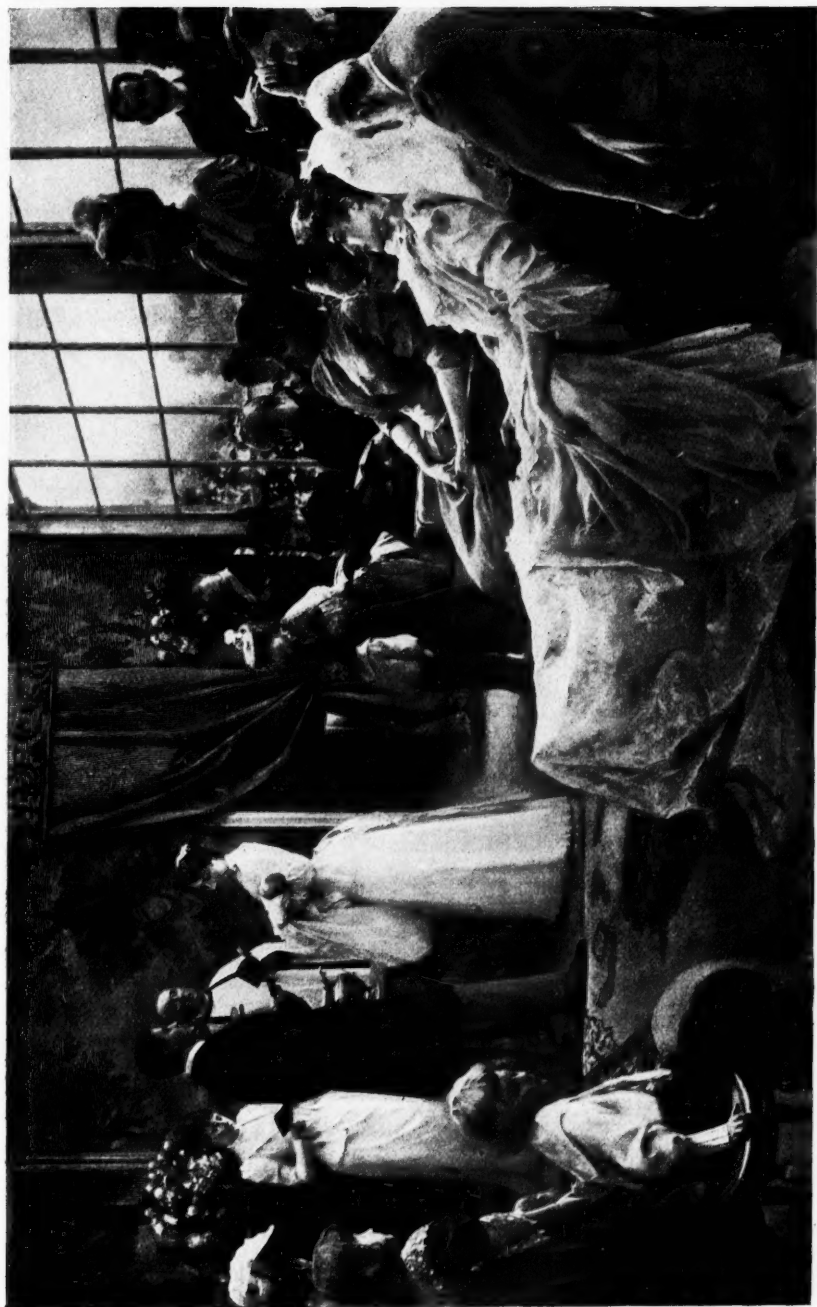
"In the Garden."

From the painting by A. Moreau.

ceived his first lessons from his father, the late Lewis T. Ives, who was a successful portrait painter. At seventeen he went to Philadelphia, where for four years he studied at the Academy of Fine Arts; next he crossed the Atlantic and rambled through Europe with his father. For six months the two sketched and worked together in

Rome; then the elder Ives went back to Detroit, while the younger remained in Paris, where for nearly three years he was a pupil of Boulanger and Lefebvre.

Since then he has gravitated between Europe and America, as an instructor at the Detroit Museum of Art, as a successful exhibitor at the Salon and at the World's



COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

"A Baptism."

From the painting by J. L. Stewart—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 22d St., New York.



"The Kittens."

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by F. Zuber-Bühler.*

Fair, as an assiduous student and worker. For the last two years, he has given almost all his time to painting portraits, one of which was shown in New York at the recent Academy exhibition. His latest subject is President Cleveland, and at the time of writing this Mr. Ives is still at work in an improvised studio in the White House.

\* \* \* \*

THE strange vicissitudes through which a picture may pass are illustrated by the story of a painting that has recently come into

the possession of Queen Victoria. It is a portrait of herself, painted more than fifty years ago by a fashionable artist of that time. It shows her as a young girl, newly become a queen, with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, standing by her side. It once belonged to some member of the royal family, but it was sold—or possibly stolen or lost—and passed through several hands until it found a resting place in a London barroom, where it hung until its fate was brought to the notice of the royal original.



For you and me the world is fair,  
And love and beauty fill the air ;  
The sun rides through the azure sky,  
And beams upon us from on high,  
Then sets in one grand crimson flare.

The moon that soon succeeds him there  
Bathes earth in silver splendor rare,  
And makes dark corners on the sly  
For you and me.

The sea, the woods, the meadows where  
The daisies bloom, and maidenhair—  
The hills, the lakes that in them lie,  
Were made I've just discovered why—  
For you and me !  
*Harry Romaine.*

## OUR VETERAN AUTHORS.

*Living American writers who are the representatives of an older generation—A group of which Thomas Dunn English, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles A. Dana, Richard Henry Stoddard, and "Ik Marvel" are prominent members.*

"BEN BOLT" and "America" are two songs which thrilled the hearts of a generation that has gone by. When George du Maurier set the motive of "Trilby" to the musical accompaniment of

and lack of critical faculty of all young things; men who saw our literature form itself, and who helped the process on. There are not many of them, but they carry with them all the traditions of a past day, how-



Thomas Dunn English.

*Engraved by R. G. Tietze from a photograph by Gutzkunst, Philadelphia.*

the quaint old ballad, and when Dr. Samuel F. Smith was honored, the other day, with a testimonial, it was with real surprise that the every day world learned that the authors of both of these songs were still living and working.

It sets us to counting the literary men of the earlier decades of this century who are with us today; men who knew New England and New York when there was practically no such thing as a West, when America was young, full of generosity and enthusiasm and vigor, with the optimism

ever much they may have kept abreast of the current times.

Dr. Thomas Dunn English, who wrote "Ben Bolt," might be called a typical American of his time. He was born in 1819, when America was first feeling the assurance of her standing as one of the nations of the earth, and when she was calling upon every one of her sons to help to make her great. Dr. English is a Philadelphian by birth, and he has been poet, physician, lawyer, editor, and legislator. He has written all sorts of books under a dozen pen names,

but nothing has had such vogue as "Ben Bolt," which he considers rather a slight and scrappy piece of work.

Dr. English was a friend of Nathaniel P. Willis, who was the elegant young literary man of the period. In 1843 Willis revived the old *New York Mirror* under the title of the *New Mirror*, and wrote Dr. English a letter telling him of the enterprise. He mentioned that the new firm was not overburdened with capital, and asked English if he would not let him have one article out of "friendship and friendly feeling for the venture." It says a good deal for the fraternity of that day that Dr. English promised. "Ben Bolt" was the result.

For a time Dr. English was editor of the *Aristidean* in Philadelphia; then he went into Virginia, and wrote a novel depicting Southern life. In 1859 he came to New Jersey and became a politician, writing poems, novels, and articles of all sorts when he had leisure. He sat in the last Congress, and at seventy five is an active member of a busy community.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that he supposed the three people whose poems

were best known in the world were himself, one Smith, and one Brown. The "one Brown" was the author of "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," and the "one Smith," Dr. Samuel F. Smith, who wrote "America."

Dr. Smith belonged to that famous class in Harvard which graduated in 1829, and which included James Freeman Clarke, Dr. Holmes, Benjamin Curtis, Judge Bigelow, and many more famous men. He is a Baptist minister, who, as was common at that time, had half a dozen occupations. He edited a journal, was secretary of a missionary society, visited missionary stations in Europe and Asia, preached, and wrote. Beside all this, he found time to learn many languages and to do a great deal of translating. He reads fifteen tongues and speaks several.

He tells the story of the



Samuel F. Smith.  
From a photograph by Hardy, Boston.



Richard Henry Stoddard.

Drawn by V. Gribayidoff, after the portrait by T. W. Wood.

writing of "America" as a very simple thing. When he was a student at the Andover theological school in 1832, a friend of his brought him a book of German songs to translate for use in schools. Turning the leaves, Dr. Smith found an old ballad set to the music of "God Save the Queen." The air has been used as the accompaniment to patriotic songs in several countries, and Dr. Smith was moved to write American words to the old melody. "Which I did," he says, "on a scrap of waste paper, probably finishing it within half an hour." It was at a children's festival in Boston, on the next fourth of July, that the song was first sung. It at once became a national hymn, and as such it has been translated into almost every language.

It was of Dr. Smith that Holmes wrote in

*My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweetland of liberty  
Of thee I sing*  
S. F. Smith.

Autograph of the Author of "America."

his poem to "The Boys," read on one of the Harvard class reunions,

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;  
Fate tried to conceal it by naming him Smith;  
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free;

Just read on his medal, "My country, of thee."

On the occasion of the recent testimonial to Dr. Smith, his old friend Isaac McLellan

wrote a new poem in his honor. Mr. McLellan is the oldest verse writer in America. He was the intimate of Longfellow, Holmes, and Wendell Phillips. N. P. Willis was the friend of his boyhood, and the two young men, both full of the poetry of youth, were wont to spend hours and days together in the fields and woods. McLellan has never left them in his poems. He seems to be able to sing only of the wild things and their haunts. Longfellow, who roomed with him at Bowdoin College, was the first to encourage him to write for publication, and long tried to get him more into touch with the living world; but McLellan's poetry could not be made to order. It springs from his deepest thoughts and feelings.

At eighty nine this literary veteran lives in Greenport, Long Island, in a pleasant, roomy old farm house. He has had a hut built down on the shore,



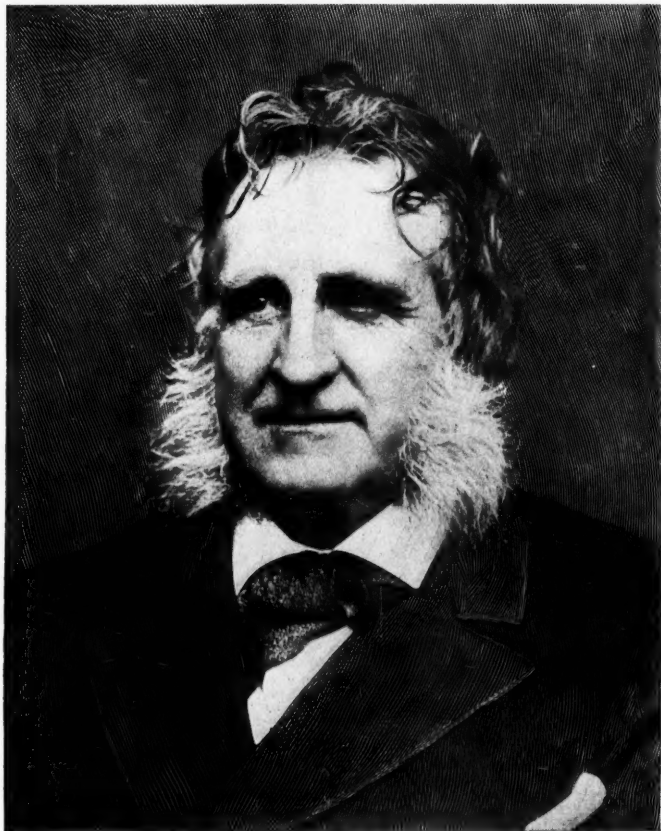
J. T. Trowbridge.

From a photograph by Litchfield, Arlington, Mass.

and spends most of his time there with the best thoughts of the companions of his young manhood, bound in books beside him.

The typical New York man of letters who has seen the literature of America from its beginning until now, and who has kept abreast of his times all along, is Richard Henry

office. He has always been what he calls a "literary journalist." He has devoted his time to writing upon literary subjects for periodicals and newspapers. For forty years he has read and reviewed every important new book printed in English. At one time he and Artemus Ward, Fitz James O'Brien,



Donald Grant Mitchell ("Ik Marvel").

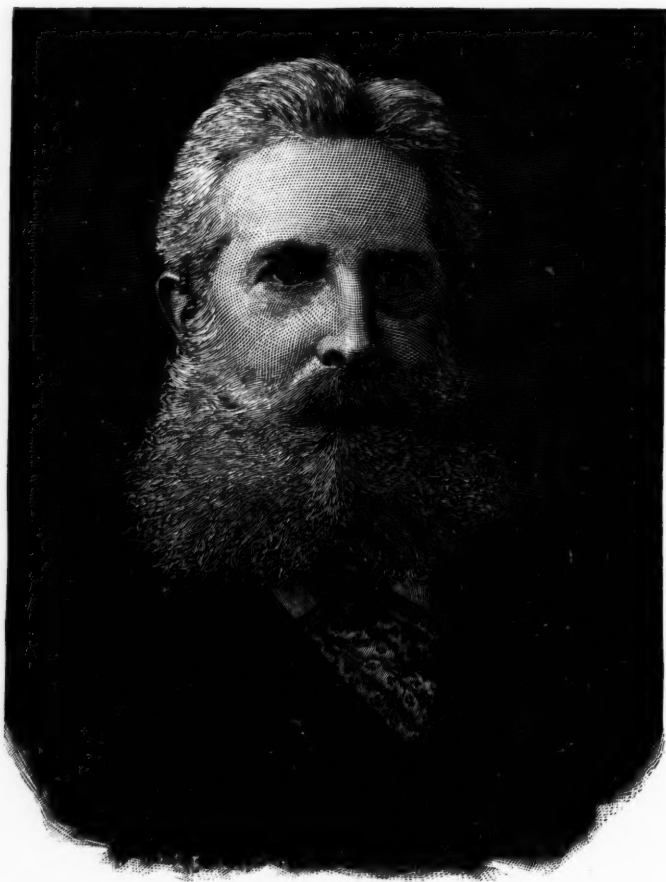
From a photograph by Coz, New York.

Stoddard. Mr. Stoddard lives in an old fashioned house, of a style very uncommon now, in the old Knickerbocker district near Stuyvesant Square. It was a Mecca for writers twenty five years ago, and the young men of the rising generation still seek out the editor and critic whose advice and experience are worth so much.

Mr. Stoddard was born in Massachusetts seventy years ago, but came to New York when he was a lad, already with a poem in his pocket. He was connected with the *Tribune* when Bayard Taylor and Charles A. Dana were prominent in the control of that

and one or two other young men, started a comic paper called *Vanity Fair*. Perhaps it was too good for its time; people who saw it then said it was better than the comic papers of today. It lived for two years, a very expensive child to its parents, and then died.

Mr. Stoddard was one of the founders of the Century Club, and as long as the club house was in Madison Square he could be found there every afternoon surrounded by his old friends. His home bears the marks of his long association with the best minds of the time. Its walls are covered with



Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Engraved by William Klassen from a photograph by Coz, New York.

paintings by representative American artists. One of them, "The Castle in the Air," by Bierstadt, was the subject of Mr. Stoddard's well known poem bearing that title. Not only the author's house, but the author's memory, is filled with reminiscences of those days when New York was an American town instead of a great cosmopolitan city.

Charles Anderson Dana, the best known newspaper editor in the United States today, was a young man with Stoddard and Taylor and Poe. Mr. Dana's forceful personality has made him a factor in American civilization. Though he will always be regarded more as an editor than as a literary man, he is a literary man of the best sort. He studies contemporary life, and gives a reflection of it in the best English. He made a large part of his fortune from such work as the editorship of the "American

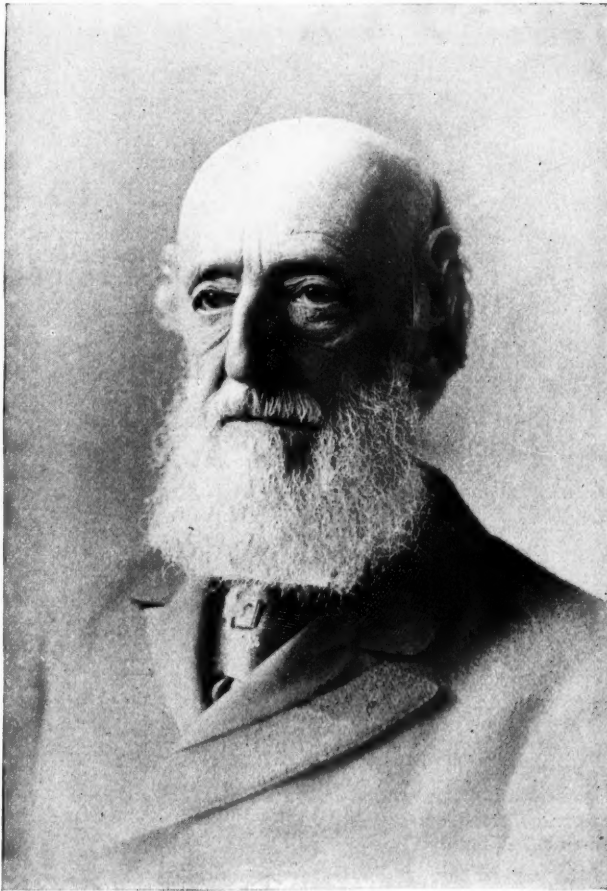
Encyclopedia," and he has written more than one book; but still we cannot dissociate him from the *Sun*. He writes little of his newspaper nowadays, and he takes long journeys away from it, of which the public seldom learns; but still his influence is in every line.

Mr. Dana was educated as a journalist under Horace Greeley, whom he left to become assistant secretary of war during Stanton's régime. In 1868 he purchased the *Sun*, and immediately became a national force. He never writes unless he has something to say, and he follows no man's lead. He has made his journal so valuable that it keeps its readers even when it most strongly antagonizes them.

Mr. Dana was born in 1819, but years do not seem to touch him. He enters into work and play with equal vim and skill. He is a famous billiard player, an artistic land-

scape gardener, and a traveler and man of affairs. He has a beautiful country home on Long Island Sound, where he lets his hobbies have full play. He is one of the men who believe in a college education for a man, whatever his business is to be. He

Some sort of an apology is due to Mr. Stedman for ranking him with the veterans, as he is not yet sixty two—only a year or two older than such hale and hearty youngsters as Frank Stockton and Mark Twain. He has had a varied life. He looks like a banker



William Allen Butler.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

considers a wide culture at the bottom of every important work in life.

Herein the views of the editor of the *Sun* are radically different from those of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the "banker poet." Mr. Stedman does not believe that journalism and literature go together. He thinks that a literary man must be a literary man pure and simple, and that newspaper work ruins his style. It was for this reason that he himself left journalism to become a banker.

who had grown up in the business, instead of having been an ambitious young man who edited a New England country newspaper, then came to New York to earn his living on the *Tribune*, the *World*, anywhere, until he could get himself placed. He wanted to be a literary man. He says that in the old days no man could live by the literary art alone, so he took a thousand dollars and went into Wall Street. His success has justified his judgment. He has not only had time for making money, but for a great deal



Thomas Wentworth Higginson.  
From a photograph by Pach, Cambridge, Mass.

of writing and editing. His "Victorian Poets" and "Library of American Literature" are text books.

William Allen Butler is another New York business man who made a reputation with the pen. Mr. Butler was born in Albany in 1825. His father was one of the best known jurists of his day, and the partner of Martin Van Buren. He was very proud of his descent, tracing his family line back to Oliver Cromwell. But there is nothing of the Puritan or the lawyer in the poem by which Mr. Butler is best known, "Nothing to Wear." It was written in 1857, and had by no means the thought or merit which Mr. Butler has shown in some of his other work, but it caught the popular fancy. Mr. Butler lives in Yonkers, and still belongs to a large law firm in New York.

Murat Halstead has come to be a New Yorker of late years, although he was a pioneer journalist of the West. He is an

Ohioan who taught school and educated himself, working up in Cincinnati journalism until he was at the head of the *Commercial-Gazette*. He was born in 1829, and was one of the first to recognize that a new field for literature had come into being in the great West.

Going back to New England, we find Edward Everett Hale left almost alone of the early literary clique, yet seemingly as young as he was a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Hale is the son of a famous New England journalist, who was editor of the Boston *Advertiser* for nearly fifty years. He is a nephew of Edward Everett, and grew up in an atmosphere of books. After his graduation at Harvard he became a clergyman of the Unitarian church, and speedily became noted for his success as an organizer of clubs and helpful societies. His book, "Ten Times One is Ten," was the foundation stone of the King's Daughters organization. He started a magazine, *Old and New*, which was afterward merged in the *Century*, beside writing many books. His most famous story is "The Man Without a Country." But with all this

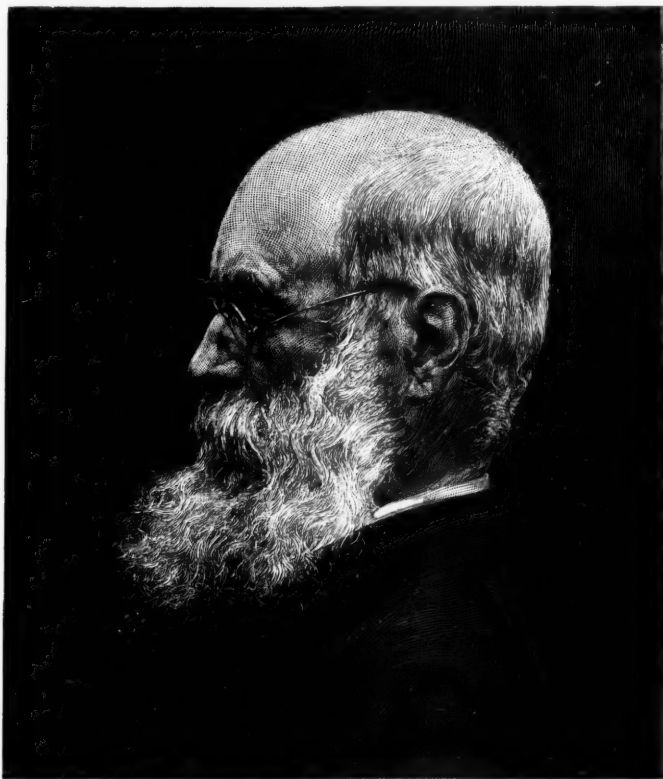


Murat Halstead.  
From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

work Dr. Hale is still the preacher, the teacher of his parish. He is a many sided man who keeps in touch with the life about him. He has a delightful old home in the Boston suburb of Roxbury.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was a preacher who left his pulpit to fight, but

There is no man of all the older writers who comes closer to today than Donald Grant Mitchell, "Ik Marvel." Dreams and reveries are as common today as they were in 1850, when the "Reveries of a Bachelor" was a new book. Mr. Mitchell was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in



Charles A. Dana.

*Engraved by R. G. Tietze from a photograph by Mr. Paul Dana.*

who is still better known from his literary work. He is seventy one years old, but the fire of his convictions is as strong as ever. He was one of the first assailants of slavery, and lost his first church on account of his beliefs.

He was a very active worker, and through helping a fugitive slave to escape was indicted for murder with Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and others. He was colonel of the first negro regiment of the civil war. He has served as chief of staff to the Governor of Massachusetts, and as a member of the State Legislature. Most of his books are made up of collected essays on current topics.

1822. His father was a Congregational minister, who sent his son to Yale in the expectation that he would be a clergyman. Young Mitchell went to Europe, and found that he could use his pen in pictures of his travels. Book after book followed, until the "Reveries" made his name well known. Mr. Mitchell lives now in a beautiful home near New Haven which he has made famous as "My Farm at Edgewood."

"Roba di Roma," by William Wetmore Story, has preserved for us a bygone phase of Italian life, and we must think of its author as a literary man, although his greatest works are in marble. Mr. Story still lives in Rome, where he went in 1848.

Before that he had graduated at Harvard, had written law treatises, and had published books of poems. Italy's art fascinated him, and he began to model and chisel. He has had many honors in Rome, but still, at seventy six, is an American.

(William Taylor Adams), whose work in the juvenile field has also become almost classic.

Dr. Storrs, who has written so many valuable books upon practical religion, is another Harvard man. He was born in



Edward Everett Hale.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

Harvard has, of course, been the *alma mater* of many of the New England men who have made their mark in the intellectual world, and some of them she has held fast to her side. Justin Winsor, the historian, is one of these. He, of that earnest early class, devoted himself to library work, and remains still as librarian in the university.

Another New England veteran is John Townsend Trowbridge, novelist, poet, and editor, but best known as the author of such books as "Cudjo's Cave" and "Neighbor Jackwood," which have been read with delight by two generations of American boys. His name suggests that of Oliver Optic

1821, and belongs to a noted family. He was for a time editor of the *Independent*, besides being a lecturer and preacher.

Parke Godwin is another veteran "literary journalist" who should be mentioned. During his long connection with the *New York Evening Post* he was the close associate of William Cullen Bryant, of whom he published a standard biography.

The man of today usually confines himself to one profession. Many of these men of an older generation put their efforts into half a dozen channels, and did the work of several. Collectively they form a group that marks an interesting and important chapter in our literary history.

George Holme.

## THE HOMES OF OPERA.

*The famous opera houses of Europe and America—The architectural splendor and historical associations of the structures in which the masterpieces of music have been given to the world.*

IT would be difficult to imagine any places more interesting to the student of music, or even to the casual tourist, than those opera houses where the great masterpieces of music first greeted the public ear. It is only natural that such an effect should be produced by an initial visit to the auditoria which first heard the immortal melodies of "Faust," "Le Prophète," "L'Africaine," "Carmen," "La Traviata,"

"Il Trovatore," "Maritana," "Les Huguenots," "Der Freyschutz," "Rigoletto," "Aïda," "Mignon," "Don Juan," and "Zampa." The history of modern music is practically the history of the more important of the world's opera houses, and it is the purpose of this paper to describe briefly those homes of music which have been identified with productions of the most famous lyric dramas.

The Grand Opéra of Paris is unquestionably the most important in the world, as it is certainly the most beautiful and the most costly. It is, in fact, one of the conventional sights of the stately French capital. Its construction entailed an expenditure of over ten million dollars, and its maintenance necessitates an annual appropriation by the French government of about sixty thousand more.

It is now more than twenty years since the Paris Opéra was completed, yet it is commonly referred to, even by Parisians themselves, as the new Opéra. After the destruction by fire of the old opera house in the Rue Taitbout, an imperial decree, in 1860, invited plans for a new home of music on a scale of unequaled magnificence. A hundred and seventy one designs were submitted, of which five were selected by the jury. The five men chosen competed again, and the coveted honor was finally obtained by an architect who has since become famous—Charles Garnier.



The Paris Opéra—"Tragedy," by Carpeaux.



The Foyer of the Paris Opéra.

There was great delay in building the Opéra on account of the exceptional depth (nearly sixty feet) required beneath the stage, and also from the discovery of a number of springs in the soil. In fact, it

took a year's hard work to pump out the water, and when the foundations were set they had to be protected by walls of unusual thickness. The corner stone was laid by Count Walewski in July, 1862, and



The Paris Opéra.

the foundations were finished in the same year. In 1864 the side walls were up, and in the following year the flies were covered in. About this time the funds became exhausted, and the work on the interior was suspended in order to finish the exterior. On the Bonapartist holiday of the exhibition year, August 15, 1867, the scaffolding was knocked away, revealing the front of Garnier's superb design. Two years later the roof was completed. Then once

The three most important parts of a theater, according to Garnier, are the entrance hall, the auditorium, and the stage. He was of opinion that these divisions should be clearly distinguished in the plan of the building, and accordingly he placed in front of his design the low lying part of the structure, containing the entrances, the exits, the waiting rooms, and the famous staircase. Rising directly above this is the circular dome of the auditorium, and behind



The Paris Opéra—Staircase of Honor.

more the work was interrupted, this time by the war with Germany and the subsequent civil strife.

During those fearful struggles, the Opéra, or rather what was then completed of it, became a hospital for the wounded. It was also used as a storehouse, and, during the siege of Paris, as a signal post communicating with the outlying forts. During the terrible régime of the Commune, fire balloons were despatched from the roof of the Opéra, and the damage done to the building in those fifty days of horror exceeded three hundred thousand francs. As soon as peace was restored, however, work on the Opéra was renewed, and in 1874 its first manager was put in full possession.

that again the vast pediment surmounting the stage, with colossal gilded groups by Gumery. On the summit of the pediment an Apollo by Millet is seen raising his lyre aloft against the sky, and forming the culminating point of the whole edifice. The sides are not so richly decorated as the front, but each has in the center a cylindrical pavilion with a carriage entrance. At the back are the buildings occupied by the managers and staff.

Entering the Opéra either in the center or at the side, the visitor reaches the great circular vestibule. Immediately in front is the Grand Staircase, surrounded by galleries, upon which each tier of the theater opens, and which give access to the magnificent foyer.

The foyer of the Opéra is one of the sights of Paris. It is a hundred and seventy five feet in length, forty two in width, and fifty nine in height. Its design and decorations, with those of the staircase, constitute Garnier's chief claims to fame as an artist. In both he has fairly rioted in richness of color. On the ceilings are the celebrated paintings of the late Paul Baudry, whose beautiful work, however, can hardly be properly appreciated from the excess of light. On the sides of a central picture representing Melody and Harmony are two

small. As a matter of fact, it is the largest in the world. The stage is also the largest in existence. Its total depth is seventy four feet, its width a hundred and seventy eight, and it is equipped in the most complete and elaborate manner with machinery of all kinds for dropping and lifting curtains and scenery. Very little wood is employed; nearly all the mechanism is of iron or steel.

A typical feature of the Paris Opéra is the Green Room, to which all the regular subscribers have access. This is an old French custom that dates back to 1770. In 1774 a



The Vienna Opera House.

grand allegorical figures of Comedy and Tragedy. Over the doors are oval panels in which children are depicted with instruments symbolic of the music of various countries. These paintings were at once recognized as among the finest examples of the most ornate form of mural decoration.

The exterior of the Opéra abounds with statues. In fact, it would seem that Garnier put one wherever he could. Aloft upon the attic front are two groups by Gumery, already mentioned, representing Music and Poetry. Below, at the main entrances, are four imposing marble groups, symbolizing Lyric Poetry, Music, The Dance, and Tragedy, and designed by Joffroy, Guillaume, Carpeaux, and Perraud.

The auditorium, dwarfed to a certain extent by the spacious approaches, appears

royal edict forbade all communication between the public and the performers, but this decree soon fell into abeyance. The Green Room is a magnificent hall a little behind the stage, and extravagantly decorated. Portraits of famous ballet dancers and composers fill the panels, and on the ceilings are paintings by Boulanger representing the War Dance, the Country Dance, the Love Dance, and the Bacchic Dance. It is here that the rehearsals of the ballet are held, the floor sloping like a regular stage. On the sides of the room are iron bars covered with velvet, which the dancers hold while practising.

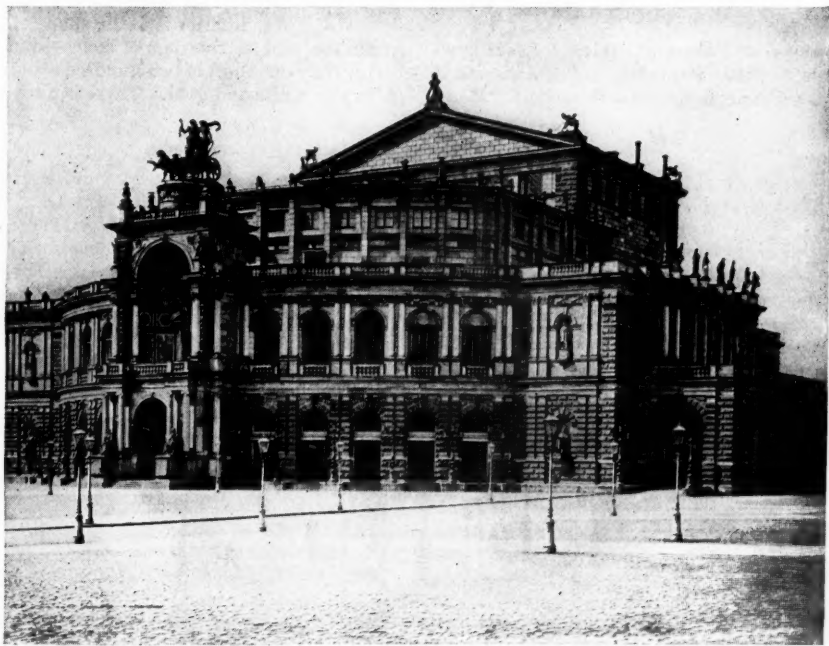
The Opéra has rarely been able to pay its annual expenses, although the French government allows it a subvention of three hundred thousand francs a year. Every



The Frankfort Opera House.

year several masked balls take place at the Opéra, at which time the auditorium is planked over. On the top floors of the building are the archives and the library.

The latter contains a store of precious manuscripts acquired during its two hundred years of existence. Among the famous operas produced for the first time at the



The Dresden Opera House.



Foyer of the Dresden Opera House.

Opéra are "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," "L'Africaine," "Guillaume Tell," "La Favorita," "Ham-

let," "La Juive," and "Don Juan."

Next in importance after the Paris Opéra comes a more historic, though far less magnificent structure—the Teatro della Scala at Milan, so called from its having been built in 1778 on the site of a church raised by Beatrice Scala, wife of Barnabo Visconti. Piermarini was its architect. It contends with the San Carlo at Naples for being the largest theater in Italy, and has always been admired for the excellence of its internal arrangements. It only cost \$200,000 to build. Until 1857 its principal entrance was from a side street, but now it opens upon a square, in the center of which stands the well known statue of Leonardo da Vinci, and from which a great arcade leads to Milan's splendid cathedral.

The curtain at the Scala is the work of Riccardi, and represents Parnassus. The interior is in the shape of a horseshoe, and has five tiers of boxes—numbering only one short of two hundred—and a gallery in white and gold. There is a royal



The Berlin Opera House.

box, situated above the entrance to the stalls. The building, which was restored in 1878, is the property of the city of Milan, whose common council grants an annual subvention for its support.

La Scala may almost be called the cradle of Italian opera, most of whose masterpieces,

and it has some fine frescos. Architecturally it is inferior only to the splendid structure in Paris.

The opera house of the Kaiser Wilhelm's capital was founded by his famous ancestor, Frederick the Great, in 1741. It ranks as the largest theater in the empire, seating an



The Teatro della Scala, Milan.

from Bellini's "Norma" to Verdi's "Falstaff," have been first produced upon its boards. Its stage, too, and the training schools attached to it, have graduated more famous singers and ballerinas than those of any other opera house.

Germany's claim to a commanding place in the world of music is borne out by the number and importance of her opera houses. They are among the most prominent architectural monuments of many of her great cities, and are regarded as public buildings in the fullest sense of the term. The finest are those of Dresden, Frankfort, and Berlin; and with these may be ranked the imperial opera house in the Austrian capital.

This last is one of the handsomest edifices in Vienna. It took eight years to build, and was opened in 1869. Its interior, which is spacious enough for three thousand spectators, is decorated in white and gold,

audience of two thousand. It was greatly damaged by fire in 1843, but was restored after plans drawn by Langhaus.

The Dresden and Frankfort opera houses are much newer buildings, the former having been dedicated in 1878 and the latter a few years before. Munich, Weimar—in whose theater Liszt produced several of Wagner's music dramas—and Bayreuth, are also notable German operatic centers. In other European countries mention should be made of the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels, the San Carlos at Lisbon, and the St. Michael at St. Petersburg. In London, where opera is not a public institution, and draws no subvention from the state, Covent Garden is remarkable for its wealthy audiences, and for the array of musical talent assembled upon its stage each season, but architecturally it is not notable.

New York possesses, in the Metropolitan, an opera house that ranks with the most

important in the world. Severely plain and practical in design, the great brick structure that faces upon Broadway, and extends from Thirty Ninth Street to Fortieth, is simple,

in 1883. The first performance was given on October 2 of that year; the opera was "Faust," sung in Italian, with Campanini and Nilsson as principals in the cast, and



The Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

spacious, and imposing. It makes little pretense to the gorgeous entrances of the Paris Opéra, nor is its stage as large, measuring a hundred feet in width, ninety in depth, and a hundred and fifty in height; but its auditorium, with a seating capacity of thirty five hundred, is unsurpassed in convenience of arrangement.

The building of the Metropolitan was the result of a dissension among the box holders of the old Academy of Music, which had long been New York's only home of opera. The seceders formed a corporation, and spent a million and a half of dollars in erecting the new house, which was opened

Henry E. Abbey as manager. From 1884 to 1891 German music was in the ascendant, all of Wagner's works except "Parsifal" being produced under the musical directorship of Leopold Damrosch and Anton Seidl; then came a notable restoration of Italian and French opera.

The splendid operatic companies that gather in New York pay regular visits, each season, to Chicago, Boston, and other great American cities; but in none of these, unless we except the Chicago Auditorium, is there at present a building comparable to the Metropolitan as a distinctive home of opera.

*Arthur Hornblow.*



## UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.\*

*By Hall Caine.*

AUTHOR OF "THE MANXMAN," "THE DEEMSTER," "THE SCAPEGOAT," ETC.

### I.

AT Euston station at 9 P.M. on Sunday, the twenty third of December, 18—, I leaned out of the window of a carriage of the Scotch train, and Sir George Chute shook hands with me from the platform.

"Good by, Robert," said Sir George. "Mind you come to me the very moment of your return. I shall be anxious to hear everything. Our good friends at Cleator are half strangers to both of us, you know—well, to me, at all events. My kind regards to Miss Clousedale—to Mrs. Hill, too—good by! Good by!"

I waved my hand to him as the train sped away from the platform. He had dined with me that night in my rooms at the Temple, and had come to Euston to see me off. Sir George was five and twenty years my senior, but nevertheless my closest friend. In earlier life he had been the friend of my father. Forty years before they had been fellow clerks in the office of a country attorney. Their courses then fell apart. Sir George Chute had become the most prosperous solicitor in London, and my father, Sir Robert Harcourt, was an Indian judge. But though separated by half the world, their friendship had been maintained. I myself was born in India, and when at fourteen I was sent to England to begin my education at a public school, it was Sir George who established me at Harrow. In due time he sent me on to Oxford, and afterwards opened up to me my career at the bar. I had been five years a junior, and my success was due in great part to Sir George. He was more than my friend—he was my foster father.

But the debt I owed him included a claim that touched me closer than any material obligations. He had been the means by which I had come to know Lucy Clousedale. Lucy had come up to London from her home in Cumberland to consult him as a

solicitor in relation to the mining estate which was her inheritance. She was two and twenty, and both her parents were long dead. Her only companion throughout life had been an old nurse, who was a maiden lady, but was always addressed as Mrs. Hill. The friendlessness of the orphan girl had touched Sir George, and he had invited her to his house in Cheyne Walk. It was there that I had met her. To meet her was to admire her, for surely no lovelier woman ever lived. Her health, her sweetness, her simplicity, her naturalness, her freshness, had made a deep impression. This was early in May, and during the next month or two she had been invited everywhere. Lucy spoke with a slight northern accent, and sang old English songs. Everything was new to her, and everything was wonderful. It will not wrong the truth to say that in that home of the neurotic woman she had been the success of the hour.

I was a happy man, for our acquaintance had ripened into friendship, and our friendship into love. Before she left London at the end of June, Lucy had promised to be my wife. We were not to be married until the following spring, but I was to visit her at home at Christmas. Her last evening in London we spent together at Sir George Chute's. It was a sweet and happy time. The soft glow of a London sunset lay along the sleepy Thames as we sat in the balcony and looked towards the old Battersea Bridge. Before the lamps were lit she sang "Sally in our Alley." I had one pang only—the thought of our six months' separation.

But that was over at length. The long tale of my duties at the courts was at an end for the present. Christmas was near, and I was in the train for Cumberland. I lay back in my seat, and beguiled the first hour of my journey with a packet of old letters from my breast pocket. Most of them were from Lucy—the daintiest little things in the neatest penmanship. I noticed for the second time that in this regard two of the

\*Copyrighted, 1895, by Hall Caine.

letters were unlike the rest. The handwriting was irregular, and the sentences were jerky and inconsequent. Sir George had chanced to see one of the two as it lay on the table at my chambers. "Not so well, eh?" said Sir George. He fancied himself as an expert in that direction. And he was right. Temporary indisposition had been the explanation. Lucy herself had said so.

The only letters of my old packet that were not Lucy's were from my father. I had written to tell him of my forthcoming marriage, and he had answered with as much cordiality as I had a right to expect. He trusted that my determination was wise, that my action was not premature, that I saw my course clear before me. The only significant passage was in the nature of a warning: "Above all, my dear boy, let me hope and trust that the woman who is to be your wife and my daughter comes of a good and healthy stock. Living in this country, where natural selection in marriage is hampered by consideration of caste, I see more plainly than ever how terrible are the consequences of heredity, not only in actual physical taint, but also in the countless forms of bad habits that are equivalent to disease."

I left the Scotch mail at Penrith at three in the morning, but Lucy's home was in the iron district of Cleator Moor, and I had to change at a second junction before reaching the last stage of my journey. This junction was in the heart of the Cumberland hills. Day had not yet dawned when I got there; thick snow lay on the ground, the morning was cold, and I had half an hour to wait for the local train. With the help of a porter I found my way into the waiting room of the little wooden station house. A brisk fire was burning there, and a group of miners were sitting on the benches about it, smoking their clay pipes, with their elbows on their knees, and their lamps hanging from their wrists. They made room for me at the fire, but went on with their talk without regard to my presence. I asked if they were going by the train to Cleator. They answered "Yes," and that they worked at the Clousedale mines, in the pit known as "Owd Boney." I learned that "Owd Boney" meant "old bone of contention," and that the popular nickname had reference to the pit's history. Also I gathered that the men lived in the neighboring town of Cockermouth, and were that morning starting afresh on their fortnightly "shift."

"But Christmas Eve?" I said. "Surely you take a holiday at Christmas?"

They laughed and answered that all seasons were alike to the miner.

"Sunday or Monday, it's all t' same," said one. "Th' engine at t' pit head doesna stop for t' church service."

"And t' boiler at t' bottom is as thirsty as owd Geordie Clous'al hisself," said another, and then they laughed, and puffed and spat in a chuckling chorus.

The train steamed up and whistled; I got into the same carriage with the miners, and we ran into the mining country. Over the snow covered dales the day was now dawning. The mountains were falling behind us, and we were coming on to a broad stretch of moorland. I could see ahead, in the increasing gray light, the wooden gear of many pit shafts, and the smoke and flame from the squat chimneys of the smelting houses. The snow was thinner at every mile, and the bare ground was red and black, as if with cinders and the refuse of iron ore.

"You spoke of old George Clousedale, I said. 'What is he?'"

"A dead man," said one of the miners.

"What was he?"

"The owner of 'Owd Boney,' and half the pits of Cleator."

"Any relative of Miss Clousedale of Clousedale Hall?" I asked.

"Lucy?" said several voices together.

"Well, yes, Lucy, if you like."

"Thirsty owd Geordie Clous'al was Lucy's grandfather."

I was curious, but I was also vexed. "Men," I said, "it's only right to tell you at once that Miss Clousedale is a friend of mine, and that I'm now on my way to visit her."

They understood me instantly, and made amends with manly simplicity. "No disrespect to Miss Lucy, sure. Nobbut good will to the young lady, sir. We're eating her bread, and we've nowt agen her."

Nothing further was said until we came within a mile of the village, which I had seen lying on the moor top under a canopy of smoke. Then one of the miners leaned over to the carriage window, and pointed to a house which we were rapidly passing.

"Yon's Clous'al Hall, sir," he said.

I jumped up and looked out. The house was a large square mansion of modern date and of no particular character, standing deep in its own grounds, behind thick clumps of trees, which were all leafless. The sun had broken out, and a watery gleam lay along the slate roof and part of the grass of the lawn. Smoke was coming from the chimneys, and just at the moment

somebody was raising the white blind of one of the windows. Such was the home of Lucy. As the train passed, I noticed that not far from the gate of Clousedale Hall there was a small group of cottages, with a little public house at their nearest corner. The train ran so close that I could read the sign. It was the "Clousedale Arms."

We drew up at the station, and I looked around to see if there was any one to meet me. It was still as early as half past eight, and the morning was chill, but spite of reason I had half cherished the hope that Lucy herself would have driven down. At least I thought Mrs. Hill might be there. I saw neither. There was no carriage, no trap, no recognizable servant of any kind. When the miners had trooped away the platform would have been empty but for myself and the servants of the railway. I hailed the porter.

"Anybody here who can carry my bag to Clousedale Hall?" I asked.

"Then mebbe you're the gentleman that's expected," he said, and diving into his jacket pocket, he produced a letter.

It was addressed "Robert Harcourt, Esq.," and was not in Lucy's handwriting. The letter was from Mrs. Hill, and was dated 9 P.M., Sunday, Dec. 23.

DEAR SIR:

I am sorry to tell you that Lucy has suddenly become ill, and that the doctor thinks it necessary that she should have absolute quiet and rest during the next few days. There is no danger of any kind, and therefore I trust you will not feel anxiety, still less alarm. But, under the circumstances, I am reluctantly compelled to ask you not to come to Clousedale Hall at present. I have taken the liberty of engaging rooms for you at the Wheatsheaf in the village, where I trust you will be comfortable until such time as I can properly and safely give my dear one the great happiness of asking you to remove your quarters to this house. With every apology, disappointment, and regret, I am, dear Mr. Harcourt,

Yours very sincerely,

MARTHA HILL.

"Take my bag to the Wheatsheaf, porter," I said.

He took it up and trudged off, and I followed him. I was pained, dazed, and bewildered.

## II.

BREAKFAST was ready for me at the inn, but I could not touch it until I had written to Lucy. I told her with what concern I heard of her illness, how I hoped for her speedy recovery, how grievous was my dis-

appointment at not seeing her immediately on my arrival in her country, with much beside of too intimate a nature to be repeated here. After this letter had been despatched by hand, I sat down to breakfast, and the landlady herself waited upon me as I ate. She was a worthy Cumberland woman in middle life, very staid and serious, but somewhat more talkative than the generality of her race. Her name was Tyson; her husband was something of a sportsman; they were living on the Clousedale property.

Mrs. Tyson had much to say about Lucy, whom she had known since earliest childhood, of her goodness to the poor, her personal sweetness to everybody, her generosity (exhibited in many ways), and generally of the qualities of mind and heart which had endeared her beyond all others to the people of the district wherein she had been born and reared. It did not surprise me that, as seen in the eyes of those who had known her longest and most intimately, my darling proved to be as good as she was beautiful. I gathered that she was interested in various local institutions for the social welfare of the people—in workmen's clubs, an evening ragged school, and a branch of the Rechabite order, which she had helped to establish. It appeared that, at her own cost—the parish church lying two miles away in the dale—she had even gone so far as to build and endow a little chapel of ease for the use of the community that had grown up on the moor top, around the pits which her family had worked for generations. The landlady was warm in her relation of these good offices; and when I inquired about Lucy's health, if it had ever hitherto given cause for anxiety, she answered no, that only twice before, as far back as they could remember, had she been at all unwell, and both attacks had been within the past six months.

"Nothing serious, surely?" I said.

"Nay, not that I know of," said the landlady. "But the poor young lady seemed that glad to be better that she niver knew how to be good enough to anybody the moment she was gotten round. And a cruel pity it was to see her white face going from house to house with her basket and her purse. It was then that she got her new Scotch parson to start the Rechabites. The sweet little body went over the moor herself, persuading the miners to take the pledge—and a good thing for some of them, too, for all it's the wife of a publican that says so."

My night long journey had wearied me,

and I went to bed and slept soundly. Some time late in the afternoon I awoke, and then it occurred to me that it might, perhaps, set at rest the anxiety which I could not help but feel if I were to go to see Lucy's doctor. On this errand, after I had taken some dinner, I set out at the direction of the landlady. The doctor was not at home. He was at the public dispensary in the village. I learned that this dispensary was another of Lucy's charities. The outer room was filled with women and children waiting their turn to enter the room within. In the moment I stood among them while my card was taken to the doctor, I heard my dear one's name coupled with praises and blessings.

"It'll be made up to her," said one woman.

"The Lord will pay her back," said another.

The doctor's name was Godwin. At first sight it occurred to me that he hardly justified it. I found him a hard faced man, with a square head and gray, steely eyes. He had been educated in Germany, and I learned afterward that he took pride in being abreast of all modern developments of his science. This, and his resolute personal character, had given him a certain superiority over old fashioned country practitioners, though he was understood to be an atheist, and certainly never attended church.

I explained that I was a friend of Miss Clousedale's, and he seemed to have been aware of our relations. I inquired if her illness was at all serious, and he answered me less promptly than I had expected.

"No, not serious—not at present," he said.

As he volunteered no further explanation, I made bold to ask if Lucy's trouble was some girlish ailment. After a moment he answered yes, and was silent again.

"Some nervous complaint, no doubt?" I said, whereupon he said "Yes" once more, repeated my words mechanically, and then looked up quickly and asked if I was making any stay in the district.

I was nettled by his reserve, and told him that Lucy was to be my wife, that I had come expressly and by old appointment from London to visit her; that, by the wish of her nurse, and, as I understood, by his own wish also, I was now staying at the inn in the village; but that I was looking forward to changing my quarters to Clousedale Hall as soon as he could assure me that my presence there would be no disadvantage to his patient.

"It will be some days still," he said.

I thought the man was treating me with scant courtesy, and I made no disguise of my annoyance. On leaving, I went the length of hinting that perhaps I should think it necessary to telegraph for a specialist. My threat had no effect. The man saw me to the door with frigid politeness, and all but the silence of a sphinx.

Going back by the main street of the village, I passed in the gathering darkness of the winter evening a little red brick Gothic church, standing in the midst of a closely populated district of very poor cottages. It was the chapel of ease that had been built and endowed by Lucy. I recognized it by its foundation stone, which bore a gilt lettered inscription in my dear one's honor. There were lights burning, the door was open, and I glanced within. Some ladies were decorating the windows, and the timbers of the open roof, from ladders held by two or three miners.

When I got back to the Wheatsheaf, I asked if there was any message from Clousedale Hall. There was no letter, but a gentleman was waiting to see me. It was the clergyman. His name was McPherson, and he was a middle aged Scotchman of severe aspect. He had come to tell me that my letter had been received, but that Miss Clousedale was not well enough to reply to it. Then, on his own account, he proceeded to advise the postponement of my intended visit.

"Is her illness so serious?" I asked.

"I fear it is," he answered.

"What *is* her illness?"

He hesitated a moment, and then said, "I cannot rightly say."

"Has she ever had it before?"

"Twice before."

"And she recovered on both occasions?"

"By the grace of God, yes—for the time, at all events."

My anger was rising. This man, like the doctor, was keeping me at arm's length.

"And you advise me," I said, "to go back to London?"

"For the present," he replied.

"Without seeing her?"

"To see her would be impossible."

"Is it her own wish?"

He hesitated again, then answered falteringly, "Yes—I think so—that was my inference."

My patience was well nigh exhausted before I saw the man out of the house. Another man was then coming in at the door—a big, lusty, deep chested fellow, with a game bag over his shoulder and a gun under

his arm. It was Tyson, the landlord. He saluted me as we passed in the hall. There was something open and fearless in the air of the man that appealed to me at the moment, and, having parted from my parson, I followed my landlord into his little red parlor at the back of the bar. He gave me a cheery welcome, and began to joke about my visitor, called him "Mr. Sky Pilot," and said it was the first time his reverence had deigned to cross the threshold of the Wheatsheaf. I learned that Mr. McPherson was a fanatical teetotaler, and that this was understood to be the qualification that had led to his appointment by the patroness of his living.

"No wonder, nowther," said Tyson, "seeing the lesson she's been getting all the days of her life, poor lady."

"What lesson?" I asked.

"Nay, hast a niver heard tell of owd Geordie Clous'al?"

I remembered the talk of the miners in the train. "Thirsty owd Geordie, as they called him?" I said.

"The verra same man," said my landlord. "Miss Lucy's for breaking the curse, I reckon."

"What curse?" I asked.

"Then you're not knowing owt of the Clous'al history, sir?"

I had to confess that though Miss Clousedale was my friend, my intimate friend, I knew nothing about her family. Mrs. Tyson was laying her husband's tea. "Psha, John," she said, "don't bother thy head with such owd wife's stories."

I drew my chair to the fire. "A story of a curse!" I said. "I must hear it at all costs."

Tyson laughed. "Thoo must take it as it comes, then," he said, and while he munched his great mouthfuls, he told his tale.

Old George Clousedale, the grandfather of Lucy, and the founder of the fortunes of the Clousedale family, was a hard and cruel master. It was told of him that if he saw a poor widow picking cinders from the refuse of the smelting house to warm her old bones on a wintry day, he would drive her away with threats and oaths. One Sunday morning two of his miners were walking home from the church in the valley, when, crossing the beck, they kicked up a red stone. It was good, solid iron ore. This was a find that promised great results. The men agreed to say nothing of their discovery until such time as they could take out royalties and begin mining on their own account.

One of the two was faithful to his bond; the other broke it secretly. While the first was borrowing money towards his visit to the lord of the manor, the second went to the house of his master, told all, and accepted a bribe of twenty pounds. Within a week George Clousedale had bought up the royalties of another mine, and was sinking another shaft.

The miner who had been betrayed was mad with rage. He went in search of his faithless partner, and thrashed him within an inch of his life. The man was arrested, and George Clousedale was the magistrate by whom he was tried. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

The poor fellow was young, and had been the only support of his mother. When he was sent to Carlisle the old woman went up to the house of George Clousedale, and asked for the master. He came out to her in the hall, and she railed at him as a traitor and a tyrant. Losing himself at her insults, he snatched a riding whip from the wall, struck her on the head, and told her to be off to hell, and never dare to show her face in his house again. The woman drew herself up to him and cried, "You brutal ruffian, it's yourself that will go to hell, but before you go you will have the fire of hell in your body, and feel a thirst that can never be quenched! You will drink and drink till you die, and your children will drink, and your children's children will drink, and your great grandchildren, forever and ever!"

"But," I said, "you don't mean to tell me the curse came true?"

"Have it as you like, sir," said Tyson, "but in less nor six weeks and Geordie Clous'al was tak'n with a burning heat of his inside, and he drank, and drank, and drank, and in a matter of twelve months he was dead."

"What children had he?"

"Only a son—young Geordie, as we caw'd him. Young Geordie laughed at the owd tale as they telt of, but at forty he was seized with the same burning thirst, and at fifty he was in a drunkard's grave."

"And—and Lucy—Miss Clousedale?" I asked.

"She was nobbut a bairn when her fadder died, and they've tak'n time by the forelock, and brought her up teetotal," the inn keeper said.

I laughed, Tyson laughed, his wife laughed, and we all laughed together. "A good old witch story," I said. "I wonder who ever makes up these queer, gruesome yarns."

But the thing possessed me. I came back to it again and again. The pit that had been the first cause of the quarrel was the one known as "Owd Boney." It brought wealth to the Clousedale family, and was the chief source of Lucy's fortune. Her father died rich, but his last years were years of pain and terror. The unquenchable thirst which tormented him came in periodical attacks which grew more and more frequent, appearing first at intervals of six months, then of three, and then of one. Thus in narrowing circles the burning fever encompassed the man like a deadly serpent, and closed in and throttled him at the end.

My landlord's story might have interested me at any time, but at that moment it seemed to have a horrible fascination. Under other circumstances I might have speculated on the power of imagination to induce the fate it dreads; but the creeping mystery of Lucy's illness made it difficult to think dispassionately. I hardly dared to formulate the fears that were floating in my soul.

Eventually I made up my mind to "sleep on it," and so went off to bed. Some hours later I awoke from a fitful and troubled sleep, and heard the singing of hymns in the street outside. I had forgotten that it was Christmas Eve.

### III.

THE only decision the morning brought me was that I should write to Mrs. Hill asking permission to call. This I did, with many expressions of solicitude, and no concealment of the disquietude caused by the clergyman's summary message. I proposed to go up to Clousedale Hall in the course of the afternoon, but asked for an answer in the mean time encouraging me to do so.

It was Christmas morning, and the bells were ringing for service. I went to church. The pew under the pulpit was empty—it was Lucy's pew. They had decorated it with ivy and holly and some sprigs of flowering gorse. There was a large congregation, chiefly of miners and their children. The minister was the Rev. Mr. McPherson, my visitor of the night before. Between the second lesson and the sermon he asked for the prayers of all present for their dear friend, the donor and patroness of their church, who at that hour of rejoicing lay sick at home. Many heads were bowed instantly—there could be no question of the response.

As I was coming out at the close, somebody touched me on the arm. It was an elderly man of a cheerful face, and with small, twinkling eyes behind large spectacles. He told me his name was Youdale, and he was the manager of the Clousedale mines. There was to be the usual Christmas dinner for poor children given by Miss Clousedale at the church schools—would I care to be present? We went along together. The school house was thronged with the little mites, all very ragged, very dirty, very odorous, very noisy, but very happy in spite of their condition. Grace was sung, and then numbers of steaming "hot pots" were brought in. The youngsters were stretching themselves with repletion before the dishes had been emptied. Thanks were offered, and then my friend of the spectacles got up on two forms to deliver an address. He began by regretting the absence of their beloved benefactor, who out of the kindness of her heart had provided this Christmas meal for the children, but by reason of illness could not partake of the good things herself. Let them pray that God would be gracious to her and bring her safely out of the valley of the shadow to be a guide and a blessing to all who loved and revered her. A young schoolmistress sat down at a harmonium, and then the little folks shambled up and sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." It was more than I could bear, and I stole out unobserved.

That evening I had a terrible shock. All the afternoon I had waited in pain for the reply to my letter addressed to the nurse. It did not come, but towards nightfall there came a letter from Lucy herself. It was penned in the same irregular hand which had struck me so painfully in the two letters received in London. It was written in the same jerky and inconsequent sentences. I cannot attempt to transcribe it. Every syllable burned itself into my brain with a finger of fire, but I will not dare to set it down. It begged, it prayed, it supplicated me not to come to the house. It craved my indulgence, my forgiveness, my everlasting forgetfulness of one who was unworthy of my love and devotion. She was ill, very ill, but she was also worse than ill. I must let her escape from our engagemment. It had been the joy and the charm of her life, but now it was the terror and torment of her existence. She must break it, I must go back to London, we must never think of each other again. God forgive her and pity her; God be good to me and keep me and preserve me.

Such a letter could have but one effect. I snatched up my hat, and turned my face towards Clousedale Hall. While going through the village I walked briskly, but on reaching the lanes I set off to run. Upon reaching the group of cottages that stood near to the gate of the house, I was bathed in perspiration, and my heart was beating audibly. Not to defeat my purpose with such violence of zeal, I turned in at the Clousedale Arms and called for a glass of brandy. It was one of those old fashioned public houses which have the counter partitioned into compartments like the boxes of a pawnbroker's shop. In one of these compartments I stood and cooled myself and sipped my brandy, while I tried to collect my thoughts and determine what I was to do. There was a woman in the compartment next to me, and the landlady was leaning across and talking to her in whispers.

"I'm sorry Maggie's losin' her place," said one of the two.

"She knows far ower much," said the other. "Only yesterday the mistress gave her half a sovereign to steal out and fetch her a bottle of something, and when she went back never asked her for a penny of change."

"Was it the doctor that gave Maggie her notice, then?"

"It's like it was, but they've telt me no particulars."

The approach to Clousedale Hall was by a curving path bordered by trees, which, though leafless, made the way dark and gave out gruesome noises in a wind that was then rising. I found the door with difficulty, for there was no lamp burning at the porch, and I had nothing to guide me save the dim light that came from behind the blinds of the windows of the upper story. It was not easy to get attention, and when after long delay a little elderly man servant, with a candle, appeared in answer to my loud knocking, he held the door narrowly ajar while he told me that his mistress was very ill and the housekeeper unable to leave her. I was not to be put off with such excuses; and brushing by the old man into the hall, I told him to take my name instantly to Mrs. Hill and request her to see me immediately. This, however, was not needful, for while I was speaking Mrs. Hill herself came hurriedly down stairs, as if she had been listening from the landing above and was answering my emphatic summons.

I found her strangely agitated and painfully changed. Instead of the gracious elderly lady in the unfashionable black silk, with soft manners and gentle speech—

the companion of my dear one in London—I saw before me a nervous and hysterical old woman in a plaid dress. She took the candle from the man servant and asked me into a room without a fire. Then, closing the door and speaking in whispers, she delivered herself of many apologies and excuses, saying it was a grief to her to be so inhospitable, and that this was a cause of unhappiness to Lucy also. When I asked if I might see my darling, she appeared to be thrown into a state of extreme perturbation, declaring that it would be impossible, and that the doctor had forbidden all visits whatever except those of the clergyman. And when I inquired if she knew the nature of the letter which Lucy had sent me an hour or so earlier, her agitation increased, and she protested that, though it was written without her knowledge, she was afraid that what it suggested might be for the best.

"Is it true, then?" I said. "Am I to understand that Lucy's illness is beyond hope of recovery?"

I had asked the question contemptuously, and I expected a prompt negative. It irritated me that the reply was faltering and uncertain.

"I cannot say—I'm not sure—the doctor would know best."

My patience was gone, and my answer was without ceremony.

"Then, by Heaven, the doctor shall tell me, if I have to wring it out of the man's throat! This mummary of a mystery is too much for me, and I shall stand no more of it."

With that I flung out of the house, and pulled the door after me. It had got into my head that Lucy was the victim of a conspiracy, and that the two men, the doctor and the clergyman, were at the bottom of everything. With heart and brain aflame I went tramping down the curving path. In my mind's eye I was seeing my dear girl as if by flashes of lightning, first with her beautiful bright eyes full of youth and health and happiness and love, and next in the toils of some hideous and mysterious trouble.

I was awakened from my visions by a sudden apparition. It was that of a woman coming out of the Clousedale Arms as I passed by. Her figure was young; she wore a little dark shawl over her head; her appearance was untidy and neglected. She came out of the public house by stealth, made a quick pause as I approached, and then half turned, as if thinking to go back.

At that moment, by the light of the win-

dow, I saw her face. It was a horrible shock. The face bore an ugly resemblance to the face of Lucy. When I looked again the woman was gone.

I recovered myself and called after her. Her footsteps were rapidly going off in the darkness.

"Wait," I cried, and I swung round to follow. I saw the woman turn in at the gate of Clousedale Hall.

"Wait," I cried again, and I hastened my steps. When I reached the avenue the footsteps had ceased, and the dark figure had disappeared. There was no noise but the creaking of the bare boughs of the trees overhead.

I returned to the house, and with both fists struck heavily on the door. It was opened this time by Mrs. Hill herself. She looked like a woman distracted.

"Mrs. Hill," I said, "I am sorry to be rude, but I demand to see Miss Clousedale—I must see her instantly!"

She burst out crying, and I stepped into the house. Then I observed that the whole place was in disorder. The servants, with candles in their hands, were running up and down stairs and in and out of rooms on the ground floor.

"Where shall I find her?"

At that the poor old soul made a clean breast of it. Lucy had gone out of the house. They had been keeping her a prisoner and watching her constantly, but she had escaped. Snatching the opportunity of Mrs. Hill's absence at the moment of my call, Lucy had slipped away, and nobody knew what had become of her.

"Good Lord Almighty!" I thought, "then it must have been she!"

I was outside again in a moment, running towards the gate. I thought I heard something passing me in the darkness. I stopped and stretched my arms toward the sound, but there was nothing there. Then I heard a rustle, as of a woman's dress along the grass, dying off in the direction of the house. At the next moment I saw distinctly a female figure moving across the windows, where flickering lights were coming and going.

I ran after her and overtook her. She was throwing up the sash of a bay window, and creeping through, when I caught her tightly in my arms.

"Who are you?" I cried, and she gave a smothered cry of—

"Let me go, let me go!"

"Not till I know who you are!"

"Let me go!"

"Who are you?"

Our voices had drawn the servants, and they came running into the room with their candles. Then I saw the face of the woman whom I held in my arms.

It was Lucy—Lucy my love, my dear one, my wife that was to be—Lucy Clousedale, the beloved of everybody, the saintly soul, the generous heart, the sweet and beautiful flower of girlhood just budding into womanhood—and I knew that she was a poor, wretched dipsomaniac under the terrors of an inherited curse!

#### IV.

NEXT day I was back at the Temple, yet before leaving Cumberland I heard the whole pitiful story from the nurse. Until after her return from London Lucy had never touched intoxicating drink. But London had exhausted her. The new scene, the new life, our engagement and our parting, had played upon her nerves, and she had begun to show symptoms of hysteria. Then the doctor had ordered egg and brandy twice daily to build up the burned out nervous system. The nurse had been horrified. She had reminded him of the death of Lucy's father and grandfather, and of the curse that hung over the family. The doctor had only laughed. Did she expect any sensible man of modern ideas to be influenced in his practice by such foolish superstitions? The young lady required a stimulant, and she must have it.

Within a fortnight Lucy had become the slave of her medicine. She took it, not twice daily, but four times, six times, ten times. An unquenchable thirst possessed her, a burning fever, an insatiable craving. The doctor had begun to talk of latent alcoholism in the blood, and to treat his patient as if she had been a mad woman. An acute attack of two days' duration had ended in convulsions, and then my darling had been herself again. The thirst, the fever, the crave, had gone, leaving her well, though weak and faint.

But the poison had been subdued, not expelled. Three months later the crave had returned, the former symptoms had been renewed, and the same agony gone through. The attack had lasted longer this time, and the prostration that followed had been greater.

When the crave came back for the third time it was within two months of the second attack, and that was the hapless period into which my visit had fallen. Such was the miserable story of my dear one's abject con-

dition, of the narrowing circle of her doom ; and in horror, and the cowardice of horror, I had fled away.

There was a letter waiting for me at the Temple. It was from my father, and it was full of heart breaking good spirits. "Since I wrote last I have been thinking that, as I have only one son in the world, and am soon to lose him in that old cruel battle of father's love against woman's love, the least I can do is to show my front to the enemy and die with a brave face. So please take warning that having asked and obtained six months' leave of absence, I intend to present myself at your wedding in the spring, when, if my foe is only good and sweet to me, I may perhaps capitulate without very much of a struggle. My affectionate remembrances to her in the mean time, and this message for my Christmas greeting—that my boy's letters have made an old man more than half in love with her already."

The same night I found my way to Cheyne Walk. I told the whole shocking story to Sir George. Under the quiet manner of a man familiar with shocking stories, and self trained to betray no surprise, I saw his strange and painful emotion. As I sat with head down before the fire my old friend laid an affectionate hand on my shoulder and said, "I'm sorry, my boy, very sorry, but there's no possible help for it."

"You mean that my poor Lucy's case is hopeless."

"I'm afraid it is. Whatever the cause—hereditary taint or hereditary curse—the poor child is under the ban."

"For mercy's sake don't say so. Is there nothing I can do?"

"Yes, there is one thing—one only," said Sir George.

"What's that?"

"Take your discharge, and thank God for your escape. You are on the threshold of life—think what it would be to drag at your heels a drunken woman!"

The word struck me like a blow in the face, and I cried out with the pain. "She may be saved yet," I said. "Who shall say she may not?"

"Ask the doctors," said Sir George. "They'll tell you there's no recorded instance of the reformation of a woman who has once fallen under that horrible curse of drink."

When I got up to go I showed Sir George the letter from my father. "Telegraph," he said. "You must stop him. Telegraph immediately."

I walked home by the Strand. It was "Boxing Night," and some of the later theaters were discharging their dense crowds into the streets. The people were talking loudly and laughing. Many of them were making with all haste for the public houses. There were only a few minutes left before closing time. Drink, drink—during the next few days it seemed to pursue and haunt me. I saw it everywhere—its wrecks and ruins dogged my footsteps.

Towards the end of the week, a letter came from Lucy. The attack was over, and she was herself again; but she saw more plainly than before in what direction her duty lay. Our engagement must be considered off, at once and forever. "It is only right," she wrote, "and even if you, in your love or your pity—and I am sure of both—desired to continue it, nothing would prevail with me to agree." There were words of tenderness, too, very hard to bear, and only to be read with half blinded eyes. But the one deep impression left by the letter was that of a poor human soul—a soul so dear to me—struggling under the domination of the crave for drink.

DEAR ROBERT—If you only knew (but God keep you from all such knowledge) how much I suffer when these periods approach, you would not, as I fear you may, pity me for my weakness, or reproach me for not conquering it. Oh, the terror of the time when I feel this craving come upon me! I give up all work. I write postponing all engagements, I excuse myself to everybody. I lock myself up from every eye. This is before it comes; but when I know it is near, and when the dreadful thing falls upon me, oh, the pain, the shame, the horror! Cheating myself, deceiving everybody about me, bribing the servants, and stealing in and out of my own house like a thief. Heaven save me from this fiend that takes hold of me and possesses me! But Heaven will not save me; I must end as my father ended. And, after all, I ought to be thankful that I have found my fate in time. If it had fallen on me after we had married, and, perhaps, after I had become a mother—but this is too painful to think of. Good by, dear Robert! Think of me as tenderly as you can. Though it is so hard to put away the thought of the happiness we dreamed of, it will be a comfort to me in my darkest hours to remember the joy you snatched for me out of my doomed and fated life.

Sir George was right—there was no help for it. I remembered my father, and went out to send him a telegram. At the telegraph office in Fleet Street I wrote my message: "Don't come—marriage postponed—am writing." I held the message a long time in my hand, and could not

bring myself to hand it to the clerk. At length I tore it up, and hurriedly left the office.

It was just as if it had been Lucy's death warrant, and I could not deliver it. I could not give her up. I would not abandon hope of her. The thought of that beautiful young life being slowly encircled as by a serpent that was to destroy it was too horrible. Some angel there must be in God's world to slay this demon, if I could only find it out.

It was Saturday night, and the streets were thronged. I walked aimlessly along until I found myself in front of a place of popular entertainment, which had a gigantic placard on the face of it. The placard announced that, at half past ten that night, a certain Dr. La Mothe, a hypnotist, would awaken a man who had been lying ten days in a trance. In sheer weariness of soul, and only with a desire for distraction from painful thoughts, I went in to see what there was to be seen.

It was still an hour earlier than the time appointed for the experiment, but I found my way to the sleeper. He was kept in a small room apart, and lay in a casket, which at first sight suggested a coffin. There were raised platforms at either side, from which the spectator looked down at the man as into a grave. But nothing in his own appearance gave any hint of death. His face was composed and healthful; his eyes were closed, his lips lightly pressed together, his breathing was noiseless, and his breast rose and fell with the gentlest motion. The sleep of a child was never more soft and sweet and peaceful.

I was alone in the room, and I could not leave it. Here was a great and wondrous power—sleep. It had wiped out ten days of this man's life—ten days, perhaps, of sorrow and pain. The world had gone by him and left no mark. His temptations, his troubles, his besetting sins, they had touched him not.

Oh, sleep it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole.

To Mary Queen the praise be given!

She sent the gentle sleep from heaven

That slid into my soul.

I sat on a chair on the platform, and looked down at the sleeper. And as I looked it seemed at last that it was not a strange man's face I was gazing into, but the beautiful face that was the dearest to me in all the world. Suddenly a thought struck me that made me quiver from head to foot. What if Lucy could sleep through the days of her awful temptation! What if she could

be put into a trance when the craving was coming upon her! Would she bridge over the time of the attack? Would she elude the relentless fiend that was pursuing her? Would she awake with the burning fever gone?

The hour of the experiment arrived, and spectators came trooping into the room. They were chiefly fashionable young men with their women, and they chatted and laughed, and smoked their cigars, throughout the proceedings. The hypnotist was a man of five and thirty, with prepossessing manners, a clear cut face, and a heavy chin, but a smile like sunshine, and a voice that was at once sharp and caressing. He pressed the brows of the sleeper, opened his eyes and blew into them, then called to him, and he awoke. In less than sixty seconds the man, who had lain ten days asleep, dead to himself and to all knowledge of life, had vaulted lightly out of the casket and was putting on his coat.

I stepped down and spoke to him. "Are you hungry?" I asked.

"No, sir," he answered.

"Nor thirsty?"

"No."

"You feel quite well?"

"Quite."

I followed the hypnotist into his retiring room. "Dr. La Mothe," I said, "has artificial sleep ever been used for the cure of intemperance?"

He was a Parisian, and I had to repeat my question in French. "In the school of Nancy," he said, "the cure of alcoholism by suggestion is not unknown."

"That is more than I meant. You know the form of mania in which the crave is periodical?"

"Certainly."

"Do you think if a patient were put under artificial sleep when the period is approaching, and kept there as long as it is usual for it to last, the crave would be past and gone when the time came to awaken him?"

I could see that the idea had never occurred to the hypnotist before, and that it startled and fascinated him. "With a proper subject it might be—I cannot say—I think it would—at any rate, I should like to try."

Before leaving him I had arranged everything. He was to hold himself in readiness to go with me to Cumberland at any moment that I might summon him on that errand.

Is it too much to say that I went home that night with the swing and step of a man

walking on the stars? If I had found a cure for the deadliest curse of humanity, if I had been about to wipe out the most terrible plague of all races, of all nations, of all climes, of all ages, I could not have been one whit more proud and confident. Mesmerism! Hypnotism! Animal magnetism! Electrobiology! Call it what you will. To me it had one name only—sleep;

sleep, the healer, sleep, the soother, the comforter—

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

And sleep was the good angel that was to snatch my dear one from the grasp of the deadliest fiend out of hell.

(To be continued.)

---

JUNE.

LIGHTSOME, laughter loving June,  
Days that swoon

In beds of flowers;  
Twilights dipped in rose perfume,  
Nights of gloom

Washed clear by showers.  
Suns that softly sink to rest  
In the west,

All purple barred,  
And a faint night wind that sighs  
Under skies

Still, silver starred.  
Languorous breaths of meadow land,  
Overspanned

By clouds like snow,  
And a shouting from the brooks,  
Where in nooks

Late violets grow.  
June, ah, June, to lie and dream  
By the stream,

And in the maze  
Of thy spells never to heed  
How they speed,

Thy witching days;  
Watching where the shadows pass,  
And the grass

All rustling bends,  
While the bees fly east and west,  
On a quest

That never ends.  
Thus to shun the whirl of life,  
Freed from strife

And freed from care,  
Hear, as when a lad I heard,  
How the bird

Sings, high in air.  
June! to hear beneath thy skies  
Lullabies

That night airs blow;  
Ah, to find upon thy breast  
That pure rest

I used to know!

*Guy Wetmore Carryl.*

## FOR LOVE OF MARTA.

"A H, señor, he was a man of science, a student *profundo*, a genius *triunfante*!"

"But, Conrado," I ask, "what did he accomplish? What great truth did he discover and leave as a legacy to suffering humanity?"

My New Mexican guide regards me with surprise and disapproval; then an expression of pity flashes between his half closed eyes, and I read his thought. "*Santa Maria!*" he is thinking; "is it not sad that a man who can read and write has learned nothing of the great Professor Aramburo?"

I beseech him to enlighten me, and he undertakes this portion of my education with a gravity befitting the difficulty of the task.

"Professor Aramburo was a man of extraordinary mental gifts," he begins. "He was a doctor who healed the sick for love of healing, and whose wealth made monetary recompense a matter of indifference to him. He was a man in middle life when he came to New Mexico from Paris, and settled here upon the Rio Grande. He was born here, but he had been educated in France, and had made his name famous in that country. His repute as a physician was well known when he returned to live in Espanola, and we were proud to claim him as our countryman.

"He was a grave man, with piercing dark eyes that looked from under overhanging brows. He seemed to read your soul before you had time to scan his furrowed face. He was one of those people whom men admire, but who are rarely beloved by women. He had few flatteries upon his rather silent lips. He had passed so much time studying the bacterial explanation of disease that he had given little thought to social matters and little heed to women. Yet he had been with us but half a year when he married the fairest daughter of Espanola.

"Her name was Marta. *Dios grandes!* What a perfect type of womanhood she was! Every tenderfoot who touched upon our soil was enamored of her beauty, and when he tried to win her he was likely to be shot like a rat for his presumption, to be struck down by the keen blade of some Mexican

*punal*, or to disappear, only the good God knows whither. Marta's lovers would never suffer a tenderfoot to beguile her from her native town of Espanola. It has been said that every year, when the services of expiation were held in our mother church of Santa Cruz, the men who loved Marta, and who had committed crimes through jealousy of her, were always in the procession of the *penitentes*.

"You do not know the services of expiation? When you have traversed another mile of this burning sand you will see the old adobe church of Santa Cruz de la Canarda. It is the oldest church in America, and it has witnessed more scourging of the flesh, more bloodshed, more cruel penance, than any other in the kingdom of God.

"Once a year, at holy week, the image of the Blessed Virgin is placed in the *campo santo* before the church, and the ground for many yards around it is strewn knee deep with cactus. Over the poisonous spines of this cruel plant the *penitentes* march with naked feet, or crawl upon their bare knees, toward the Mother of God. They pray for forgiveness while they scourge their breasts with thongs, or slash their bodies with *punals*, until the steps of the church and the ground about it are splashed with blood, which has not time to dry, even in this arid atmosphere, before the sanguinary shower has fallen a score of times. This is where the love of Marta led the men of Espanola.

"Yet she married a man who had scarcely courted her, who had devoted more time to the study of cholera germs than to all the daughters of Eve. Perhaps the devil of ambition was in her blood, and she imagined that she would like to enslave the wisest and most renowned man she had ever known. Perhaps it pleased her fancy to prove to Senor Aramburo's young nephew that she did not care a centavo for him. At all events she married the professor, the great doctor, the famous pathologist, and he took her to his home upon the Rio Grande.

"I wish I could describe to you how she looked when he brought her home. I was the butler in her husband's house, and I stood in the doorway when they arrived. She came up the path which parted the

gorgeous scarlet cacti and the milk white yuccas, flowering upon every side, and her walk seemed the triumphal progress of a queen. She was a graceful, sinuous creature, with long, dark eyes, and small, white teeth, with the color of the pomegranate in her lips and cheeks. The sun shone upon her blue black hair and jeweled gown, and I fancied that the very atmosphere about her seemed flashing, scintillating, and iridescent with color. She spoke graciously to her husband's servants, but I had a shuddering premonition that when she entered the house peace flew out of the dwelling.

"Still, there was some seductive witchery about her, and I saw that the professor loved her. He was a taciturn man, who had not acquired the felicitous power of expressing his feelings, but there were depths of tenderness in his eyes when he brought Marta home which had never dwelt in them before. There was new eagerness in his voice, new elasticity in his step, and a new smile upon his lips. With all his knowledge, he was as simple as a child in his judgment of women, and he believed that Marta loved him! He was impatient when a messenger came for him to visit a dying *ranchero*, and for the first time in his life he went reluctantly to minister relief to the suffering. In a few hours his most intimate friends and relatives were to dine with him, and he had hoped to spend the time before their arrival alone with Marta. Still, he was faithful to his profession, the noblest one under the smile of heaven.

"Night had fallen before the guests arrived, and Marta left her bed chamber and stood upon her balcony. I watched her from the window of a darkened room. She was unconscious of my nearness. The night was silent and perfumed. A young white moon shone rather coldly upon the Rio Grande, and the river looked like molten silver under the pale reflection. Marta stood motionless, one hand raised high above her head and clasping a slender pillar of the balcony, seemingly in rapt contemplation of the night. The far away voice of a coyote, crying like a woman in mortal pain, was the only sound to be heard. There was not a rag of cloud in the heavens, and the young wife of the greatest genius of New Mexico was a fitting part of a profoundly beautiful and almost solemn scene.

"There was a poisonous vine twining about the pillar she was clasping, and between its leaves depended clusters of soft, deciduous berries. Suddenly I observed a change in her attitude. She had not altered

her pose, excepting that her figure had grown tense and rigid. Her grasp upon the pillar had tightened, and the bruised juice of a cluster of berries was oozing through her fingers, staining them crimson as the blood upon the *campo santo*. She was listening intently, breathlessly. She could hear no sound of footsteps upon the sand outside, but her delicate nostrils had detected the odor of a cigar before the man who was smoking it came up the walk leading to the house.

"It was Ricardo, her husband's nephew. He had been absent from Espanola since holy week, and had returned in time to eat at the feast of his uncle's wedding. Marta had heard he was coming, and at her request he had been kept in ignorance of the marriage.

"He did not notice her at first, but she saw him plainly in the white moonlight. He was a strong, supple young man of about her own age, and rather fair of face. There were sensitive lines about his mouth, and when he smiled his smile betokened some sweetness of disposition, partly contradicted by his threatening dark eyes. Marta leaned over her balcony, and softly called to him:

"'Ricardo! *Hola*, Ricardo!'

"He stopped upon the little plaza below, transfixed with astonishment.

"'Marta!' he cried. 'Marta, why are you here?'

"Her manner was mocking, insolent, defiant.

"'I am here by right of possession,' she said. 'I have the honor of being the mistress of this house, and of being your aunt, my sainted Ricardo! I married the great man, your uncle, this morning, and he has left me thus early in our honeymoon to minister to the sick and suffering. Look, Ricardo, at the happiest woman in New Mexico!'

"'Marta,' he besought her, 'tell me this is not true. Tell me it is a foolish jest you are perpetrating upon me. Tell me you have not been guilty of this irrevocable, this wicked act!'

"'Now you are brutal to your relative,' she said, 'and disrespectful to your uncle's worthy wife. You have forgotten to be polite since you have joined the cruel order of the *penitentes*. You have forgotten to be gallant since you began to study for the priesthood. You have failed to felicitate me upon my marriage. You have even forgotten to salute your aunt. Where are your manners, my good child? Why do you not speak? Your face is as pallid in this moonlight as the pale yucca flowers

behind you, or as my own white bridal gown.'

"He was graceful and quick as a panther. He sprang and caught the railing of her balcony with his sinewy hands, then drew himself up until he had gained a footing beside her. From my hiding place I could see and hear them distinctly. She was looking at him mockingly with her narrow eyes, but her face was very pale.

"You did not hear of my intended marriage,' she continued; 'but I heard a vast amount of chatter about you. I have been told that at holy week you joined the procession of the *penitentes*, and that since then you have been in seclusion, studying for the priesthood. Ah, what a priest you will be, with your tempers, your jealousies, and your love of the world! I know why you pierced your flesh and prayed at the *campo santo*. You sought forgiveness for the punishment you gave Juan Cancio when he called me a Delilah, a she tiger, who tempted men only to betray them. Since then you have stayed away from me, because you were unwilling I should disturb you at your devotions, and because you were determined that I should no more trouble your sacerdotal career. Is this not true, Ricardo?"

"There is truth in what you have said,' he admitted.

"And you are to be a priest,' she resumed. '*Ay de mi!* What a father confessor you will be! With what worldly eyes you will look upon the *suplicantes*, and what an absence of solemnity will be in your tones! You were resolved that I should never tempt you to turn your back upon your duty. You need not have feared such sweet temptation. So long as I had the great professor at my feet, I could scarcely think of poor Ricardo!"

"Her words appeared to prick him like the point of a poniard. He answered her quickly, and with reckless disregard of consequences:

"It is long since I gave up my intention of studying for the church. You drove that purpose out of my heart. You have cared no more for me than for the sage bush growing at our feet, and I have always known the hopelessness of my passion for you. It has led me into trouble, even into crime, and it has sent me shuddering across the *campo santo* in search of peace of mind. You taught me that I was unfit to be a teacher before the altar of the church, and that my place was with the humble *suplicantes*."

"She was panting with astonishment and triumph. When he ceased speaking she

spoke her thought—her voice full and sweet, and resonant with feeling:

"You must have loved me, Ricardo."

"Yes,' he admitted, 'I loved you. I cared no more to drink from the sacred chalice of the church, for I thirsted for the red wine of your lips. I cared no more to breathe the incense of the holy eucharist, for I panted for the perfume of your breath. No sacred image could hold my thoughts while your form stood between me and my way to heaven!"

"Ah, you loved me!" she repeated; 'you, the anchorite, who I believed could never be enslaved by mortal woman; you, the only man for whose love I have hungered. How blind, how dull we have been, Ricardo!"

"She had burst into a tempest of weeping, and he clasped her and kissed her, forgetful now of every moral obligation. All men lose sight of honor sometimes in their lives, and Ricardo was like others. Forgive him, senor, for he was very human, and he loved. If you had once seen Marta, you would not have blamed him. His hot tears fell upon her upturned face, and the blood seemed to rush through his veins like an overcharged river. He besought her to quit the house before the professor should return, or the guests arrive. Ricardo was no longer a *penitente*. He was a lover without conscience, and he implored her to fly with him.

"She was willing, eager to go. When he released her for a moment she sprang into her room in quest of a cloak to wrap about her bare shoulders. She would have gone to perdition with this man, who had long wounded her vanity by his pretended indifference, and who had appeared to be hopelessly removed from her by his devotion to the church. There was no whisper of conscience to mar her triumph. But when she entered her room to make ready for her departure she came face to face with the professor.

"He had returned unnoticed, and had entered his house by a doorway that was rarely used. Doubtless he had desired to surprise his bride by his speedy return. He came out upon the balcony now, and the man and the woman who had wronged him shrank a little from him, wondering if he had heard or seen, or surmised, what had been passing between them. As he betrayed no sign of displeasure, they breathed more freely and grew composed.

"You are here in time to congratulate us,' the professor said, 'and to drink to the health of the bride before the other guests

arrive. This is most kind, Ricardo. Bring us wine and glasses,' he called to me. And then to his guest he said, 'We will pledge the health of Marta in blood red wine.'

"I said to myself that this great man was very simple in spite of all his wisdom, and I reflected that if he could have read their guilty hearts he would have poured blood rather than wine into their glasses. The night was warm, and beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead.

"'We must have a long, cool drink,' he said. 'Draw the table out here, Conrado, while I bring the ice.'

"He had learned to manufacture ice in a curious little machine he had brought from Paris, and was very vain of this small accomplishment. When I had broken the ice, and had poured the wine over it in the glasses, he proposed a toast which the three drank standing.

"'We will drink to Marta, my wife,' he said; 'the woman I have loved and trusted!'

"Ricardo's hands were trembling, and he drained his glass as though he felt the need of the stimulant it contained. Then the professor dismissed me, and I went away.

"When the guests arrived I came back to call my master and mistress. They were seated with Ricardo, where I had left them. The decanter, the glasses, and the bowl of melting ice were upon the table before them, but the three whom I had seen an hour before in vigorous health, were dumbly staring with sightless eyes over their empty glasses. Senor, I cried out for help, but they were far beyond human assistance.

"There was, of course, an investigation, and then it was noticed that a deadly effluvia seemed rising from the melted ice. *Puf!* It was so foul that the authorities made a chemical analysis of it, and they found it to be filled with the most poisonous of living bacilli. More ice was taken from the professor's little freezing apparatus, and examined with the same thorough-

ness, and this also was found to be full of these deadly germs. Cold had no destroying effect upon them, and when they were introduced into the system of a healthy llama it fell dead in three minutes.

"*Madre de Dios!* I knew the secret of the tragedy that had robbed the world of its greatest scientist, that had murdered the most beautiful woman of New Mexico, and that had made a martyr of the most unholy *penitente* of the church. I knew that the professor must have taken the ice from his laboratory, instead of the pantry where the table ice was always kept. My reason told me that he had seen Marta in Ricardo's impassioned embrace, that he had heard fragments of their conversation. There had been hidden meaning in the toast he pledged to 'the woman he had trusted.'

"I alone knew of his incentive to commit this act. The people of Espanola marveled at what they considered an accident, and called him a martyr to science. They fancied that death lurked in all manufactured ice, and that the enforced freezing of water had in some way created the destroying bacilli which had robbed them of their friends. They could not believe that a man would kill himself when he possessed the right to pass his days with such a woman as Marta. They could not imagine that their wise and gentle Aramburo would take his life, or that of a helpless woman, or that of a *devoto* to the holy church."

"But surely you told the authorities what you had heard and seen?"

Conrado glances at me, then shrugs his shoulders.

"Not I," he says. "Do you think I would bring ignominy upon the greatest genius of this century? Do you think it was in my heart to prevent the lovers of Marta from showering her grave with tears and flowers? Do you believe my soul would ever be at rest if I brought disgrace upon one who had sought expiation upon the blessed *campo santo*? Senor, God forbid."

Frances Isabel Currie.

#### A REMINISCENCE.

Blow, pitiless wind,  
Through desolate world and gray;  
More bright for thee fair June will be,  
When the storms have passed away!

And sweep, merciless wind,  
O'er life's harsh hills of snow;  
More dear for thee that land will be  
Where never winds do blow!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

## TYPES AND LEGENDS OF THE MAGDALEN.

*Authentic and traditional records that tell the pathetic story of Mary of Magdala—  
The many tributes paid her by medieval and modern art.*

NO saint has come so near to the human heart, has seemed so deeply in sympathy with the sinful, throbbing world, as that loving, penitent sinner, Mary Magdalen. She stands for all ages as she who was forgiven because she loved much, as the type of frail humanity redeemed through childlike faith and dependence. Painters of all ages have been fascinated by the sweetness and sorrow of her dramatic story, and each successive school of art has chosen some part of her life to put on canvas.

The eastern tradition made Mary Magdalen and Mary of Bethany, the sister of Martha, two distinct personages; but the legend that has been used by the artists of Europe is the one which Bible students have gathered from the scattered fragments of narrative in the New Testament, and from the mass of legendary incidents that surround every one of the early Christians. This story says that she was a native of Magdala, a district on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. She was the sister of Lazarus and of Martha, and the three lived together in their ancestral castle of Magdalon. Some legends say that the three were of royal parentage, the children of Syrus. On the death of their father they inherited vast riches, jewels, money, and land, besides a great position. Lazarus became a soldier, and Martha the practical head of the family, going about among the vines and the olive groves, adding to its store of wealth. Mary grew up beautiful, her long red hair a glory about her head. The officers who were her brother's friends, and noblemen of the Roman government, paid court to the beautiful girl and turned her head, so that she became notorious for her gay and dissolute life.

The country people were just then beginning to awaken to the new and strange teachings of the Carpenter's Son, and a wave of religious feeling had set in through the people of Palestine. Mary laughed at this seriousness, and as she went about, with her long red hair braided with pearls, men pointed her out as "the sinner." She was

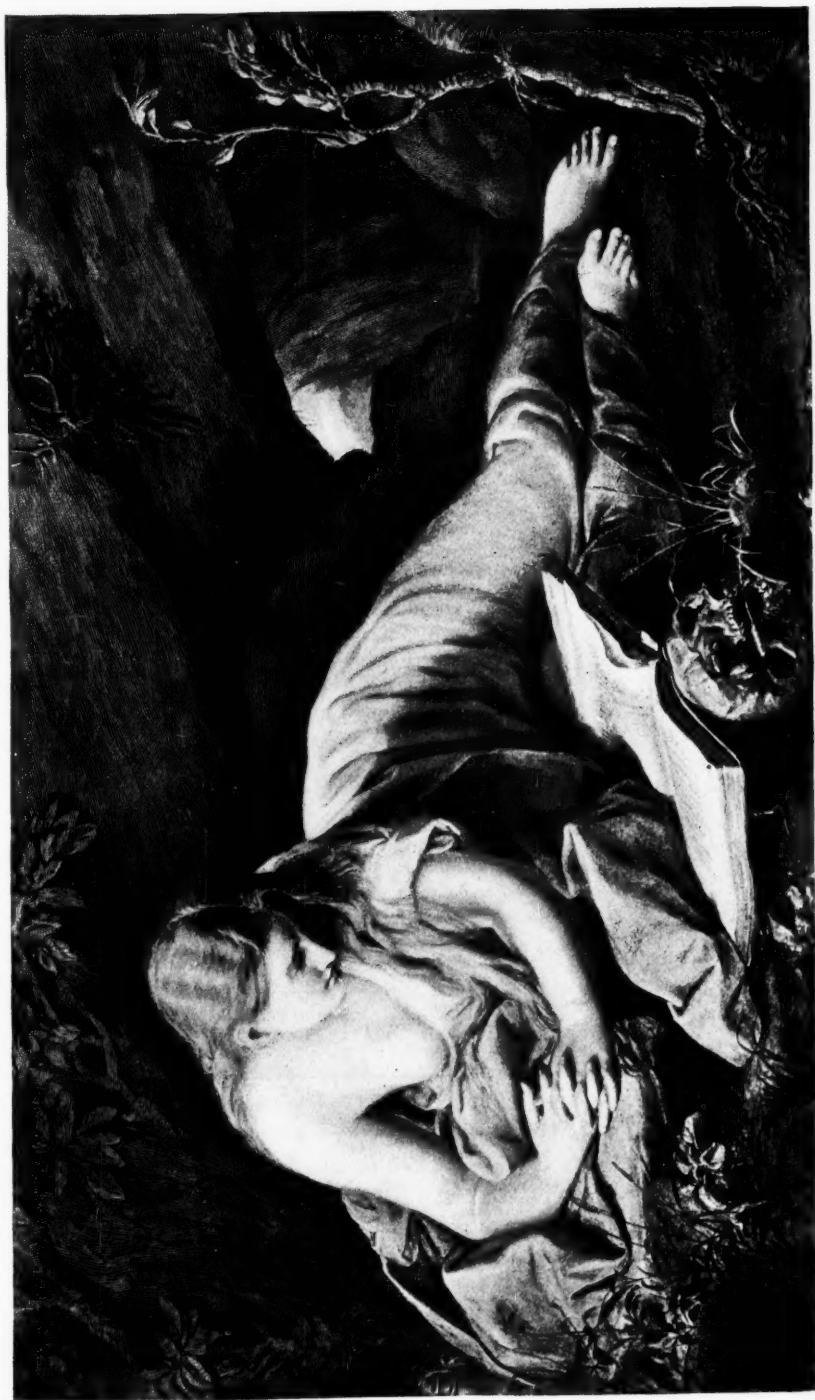
given over, body and soul, to the seven deadly sins, and it was these seven devils that the Lord cast out of her heart when she was converted.

When Mary saw the gentle Teacher of men, her heart was touched and she listened. To listen, with that impulsive heart, was to believe, and she became the most devoted of all the followers of Christ. We all know the simple old story of Mary sitting at the feet of her Lord while Jesus chided Martha for being "cumbered with much serving." It was not long afterward that Jesus supped at the house of Simon, and Mary Magdalen followed him there and broke her alabaster box of precious ointment over his feet, wiping them with her hair. It was then that Christ said to her, "Thy sins are forgiven."

Again, it was Mary Magdalen who stood with Mary the Mother at the foot of the cross, and it was to Mary Magdalen that Christ first appeared after the resurrection. The woman who "loved much" showed it here at last, for while the disciples went away to their homes, Mary Magdalen lingered by the tomb.

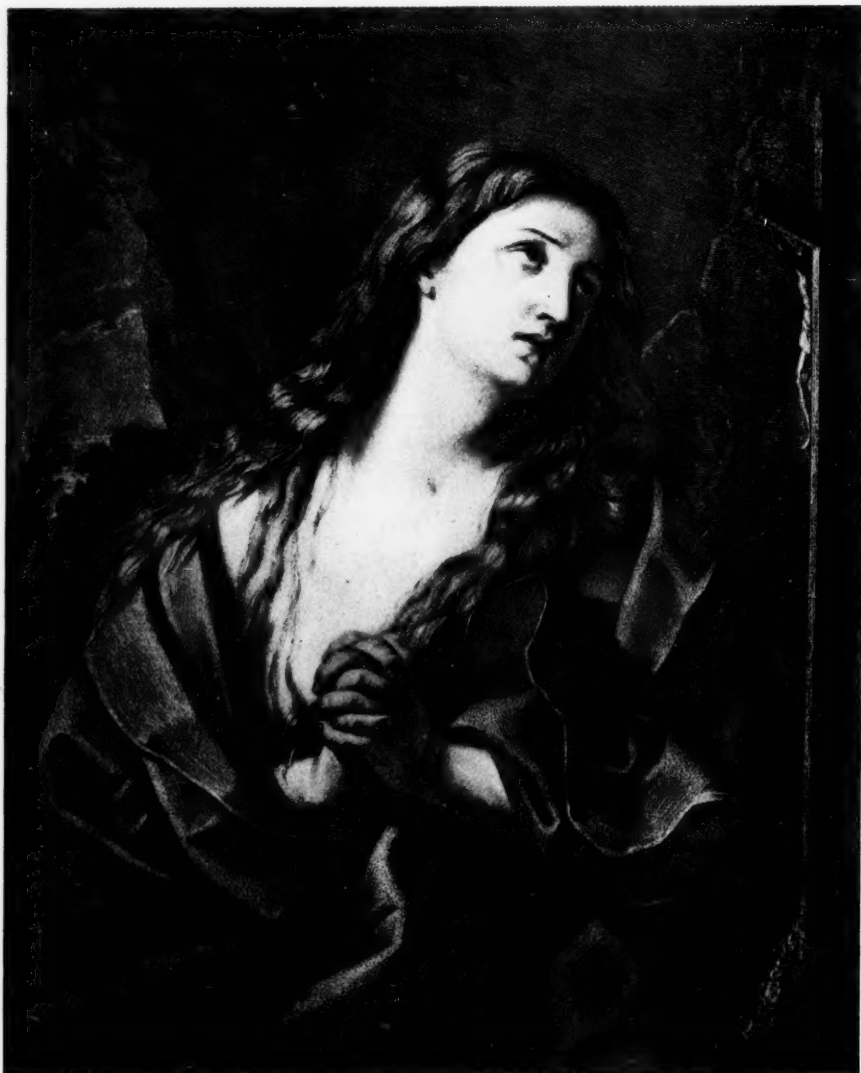
In the gospels her story ends here, but the old French legends take it on and on. After the ascension, Mary and Martha and Lazarus, accompanied by Cedon, a blind man to whom Christ had given his sight, were set adrift in a rudderless boat. They finally landed, being guided by angels, at what is now Marseilles in France. The people were idol worshipers, and refused to keep the Christians; but Mary Magdalen stood in one of their heathen temples and preached to them until they were converted. Mary and Martha both became miracle workers, and Lazarus was consecrated as bishop of all that country.

When the city was converted, Mary Magdalen retired to the desert, to do penance for those sins of her early youth which she felt not even the love of her crucified Lord could entirely take away. For thirty years she lived in the desert, fasting, studying, praying, and visited by angels. She had long been regarded as



"The Reading Magdalen."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Baldoni.



"The Penitent Magdalen."

*From the painting by Guido Reni.*

dead by the people of the city. One day a hermit, wandering in the desert, saw a wonderful sight. Midway between heaven and earth angels supported her, that she might be comforted by the music from the skies. He reported what he had seen, and the saint was brought back to Marseilles, where she died.

History shows, now and then, a century which has been dominated by religious fervor. The thirteenth was one of these, in the south of France. The people thought

of nothing but pilgrimages, penances, and relics. It was a most propitious time to find the bones of Mary Magdalen, and some discoverer announced that her grave was at St. Maximin, near Toulon. A church was founded on the spot, she was made the patron saint of the ruling prince, and became the object of passionate adoration. Sinners who did not dare lift their eyes to the Virgin in her stainless purity could bow before the shrine of a sister woman who had fallen and arisen. With the men there



"The Magdalen's Meditation."

*From the painting by Gabriel Maz.*

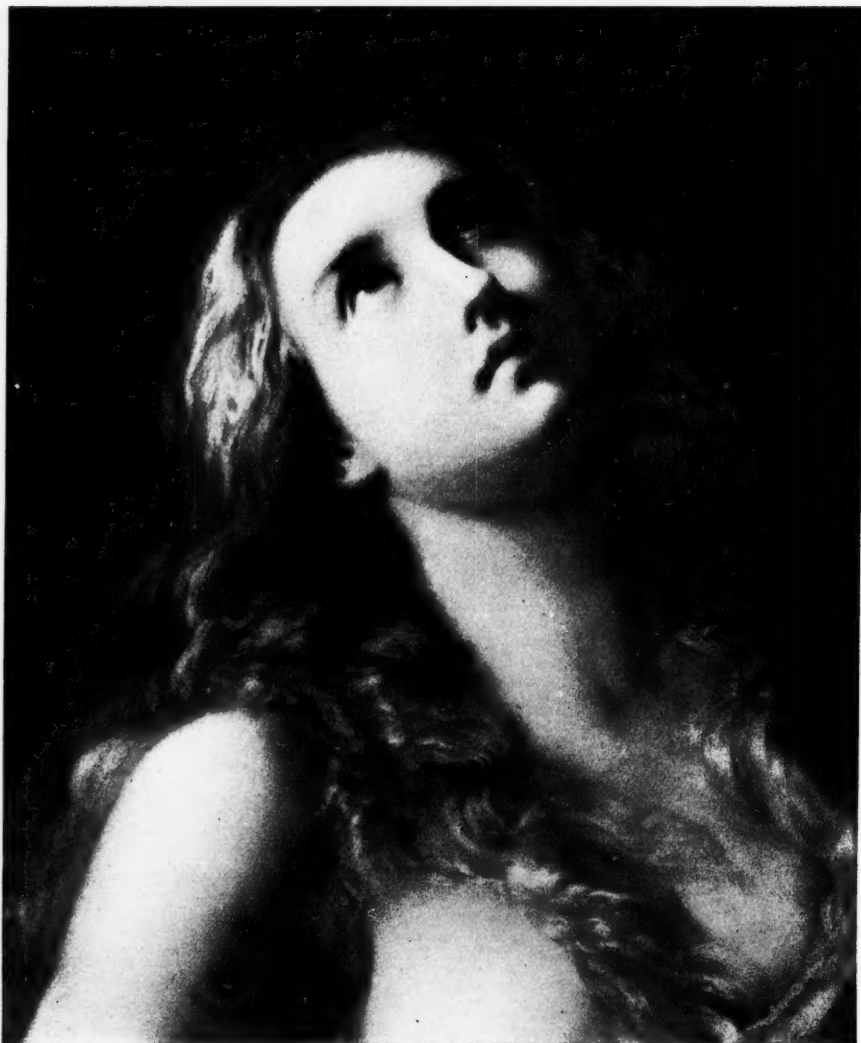
was a certain sense of chivalry in their devotion to the Magdalen.

The most splendid altar ever erected in her honor is the great church of the Madeleine in modern Paris. It is built on the model of the temple of Jupiter at Athens, and in form and in dedication it is a commentary upon Paris.

No artist has ever succeeded in giving us the perfect Saint Magdalen. We have her as she might have looked in her early girlhood, before the awakening of her soul, and we have her as a wretched, thin, and

wasted figure, mourning in the desert, as well as the devotional saint, sorrowing, but forgiven.

The characteristics of every country are brought out in the representation of the Magdalen. Her pictures at various epochs might almost read the history of the times. The Magdalens of Florence have a light intelligence, with pleasing faces, like the women of the Decameron. Those of old Venice are Venetian courtesans. France has given us pictures of women who have repented but might sin again. The Magdalens



"The Weeping Magdalen."

*From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by Murillo.*

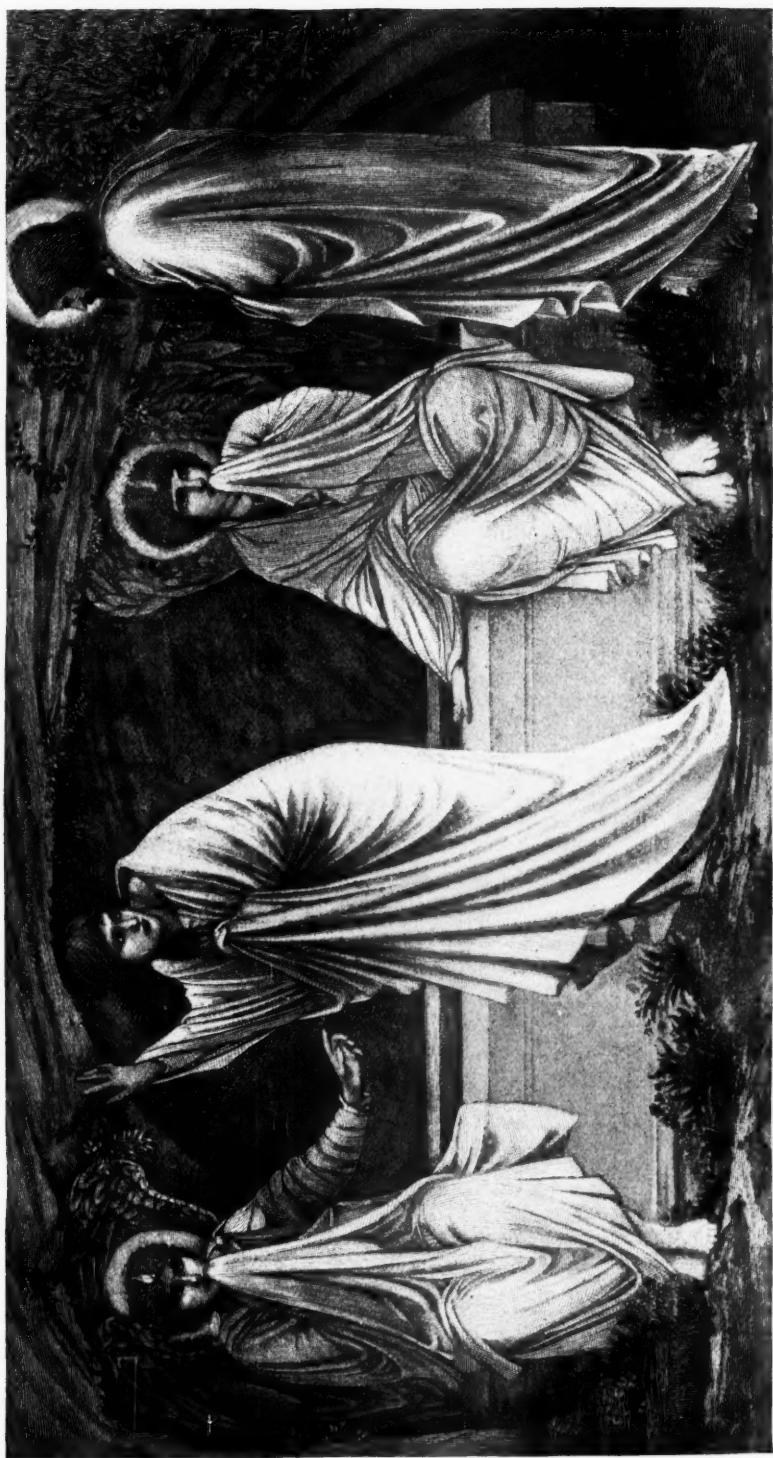
of Rubens are fleshly and vulgar; those of the Dutch and English schools are stiffly conventional.

Guido Reni was regarded as the painter above all others when his subject was St. Mary Magdalen. But in these days his figures seem more like classic Niobes than types of the woman who, like Davidson's nun, is "sister to the stars."

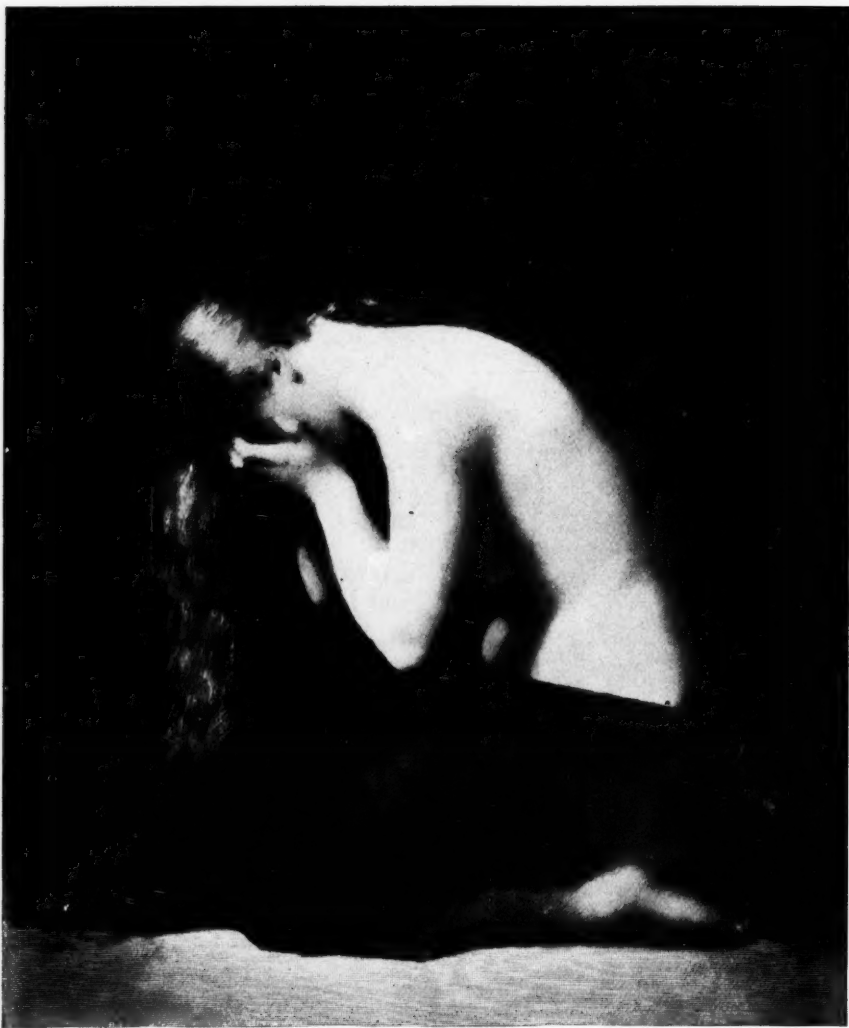
The Magdalen of the legend had run the gamut of life's scale. She knew the heights and the depths, and she had chosen the heights. This noble, dignified comprehension few painters have succeeded in

giving her. Yet Murillo has put hope as well as sorrow into his Magdalen. There are several "reading Magdalens," and in most of these pictures a skull is introduced as an emblem of mortality which she kept ever before her.

Although there are so many stories and legends of Mary Magdalen, it is as the single figure that most artists have chosen to represent her. When she is grouped with others, it is almost always as breaking the box of ointment over the feet of the Saviour, as supporting his mother at the foot of the cross, or in that striking scene at the



"Mary Magdalen at the Tomb of Christ."  
*From the painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.*



"The Mourning Magdalen."

*From the painting by J. J. Henner.*

tomb when Christ revealed himself to her in the one word, "Mary!"

There are some strange legends of miracles performed by the Magdalen. Soon after she landed in France, a heathen woman came to her and begged that the saint would pray that she might have a son. She said that she and her husband would believe, if the prayer was answered. But the husband was skeptical, and taking his wife, embarked on a long voyage. On the sea a son was born, and the mother died. The ship was put in to shore, and the dead

mother, with her child on her bosom, was laid on the sand. The husband prayed, "Oh, Mary Magdalen! Have pity on my grief, and by a miracle save my son. I leave him to thee."

The ship was gone on her voyage two years, and on his return the husband visited the rocky point. He found his child, miraculously saved, playing on the shore, and the body of his wife lying as he had left it. The child, frightened, ran and hid under its mother's cloak, upon which she arose and spoke, glorifying Mary Magdalen.

*Margaret Field.*

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

FOURTEEN years ago, when Thomas C. Platt resigned the seat in the United States Senate that had been his for just ten weeks, and shared Roscoe Conkling's defeat in the bitter faction fight that followed, his political career seemed to have ended. He announced his retirement from public life, and plunged into business. He founded an express company, and devoted himself to making it an important and successful one. He put several other irons into the fire, too—almost any one of which would have been

big enough for many a man to handle; mining and manufacturing concerns, railroad interests, and latterly the great water power engineering enterprise now in process of realization at Niagara.

And yet, with all this, Mr. Platt has come to hold a remarkable, a unique place in the public affairs of the metropolis, of the Empire State, and even of the nation. In turning from his business cares to politics—itsself an arduous and engrossing pursuit—he has found his recreation. With



Ex Senator Thomas C. Platt.  
*From a photograph by Rockwood, New York.*



Prince Hohenlohe, Imperial Chancellor of Germany.

*From a photograph by Albert, Munich.*

him politics is a game which he plays with the keenest enjoyment—entering into it for the sake of the game itself, and without thought of its tangible rewards of offices and salaries. It is his natural capacity for organization and leadership that has brought him steadily to the front. Half a dozen years ago he was known as a member of the “big four” who presided over the councils of New York Republicanism; today he is pretty generally recognized as the “big one.” And he maintains that position in the midst of a discord of bitter criticism on the one side, and of

applause on the other, while he himself is apparently the most unconcerned observer of the strange controversies to which his course of action has given rise.

Mr. Platt has often been pictured as a Mephistopheles; for proof that his real physiognomy is a more pleasing one we refer the reader to the portrait on page 263, an engraving of his latest photograph. Those who meet him with the expectation of finding him a grim and saturnine Machiavelli are destined to a surprise. He is cheery, genial, even jovial; he has a keen appreciation of humor, tells a good story,

and enjoys a funny play. His tastes are simple, his manners unostentatious. To the republican court that gathers around him in the foyer of the Fifth Avenue Hotel—which has been his New York home for

where he has a modest villa built in the style of a Tyrolean farm house. In his far reaching forests and parks there nest large numbers of heathcocks, or black grouse, and the prince and princess spend half their



Lady Helen Vincent.

*From a photograph by Mendelssohn, London.*

thirteen years—he is a most facile and accessible monarch.

Possessed of a leadership that was never so influential as now, Mr. Platt is not only the great enigma of contemporary New York politics, but also an important factor in any calculation of the future.

\* \* \* \*

PRINCE HOHENLOHE, the successor of Bismarck and Caprivi, is preparing for his usual season of rest. His Varzin is in Alt-Aussee on the Traun, in Upper Austria,

nights locating the precious birds and preparing for slaughter in the early morning. The writer stopped at Alt-Aussee a few summers ago, and took occasion to point out Hohenlohe, who was then Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, to an American fellow traveler.

"That simple little man a renowned statesman and a prince?" exclaimed my friend. "Why, I took him for an old forester."

Hohenlohe, who is very apt to tell his

sovereign that he is "as good as His Majesty," as far as royal birth is concerned, becomes the type of a peaceful bourgeois when relieved from official cares and surroundings. He goes about in hunter's dress, looks after his garden and chickens,

Kaiser, since Hohenlohe assumed the chancellorship, has been forced to indulge in unconstitutional acts at a lively rate. He is getting used to sending out state papers not properly countersigned by the responsible minister of state. Prince Hohenlohe is

the official who has oftenest refused to indorse Wilhelm's hasty resolves.

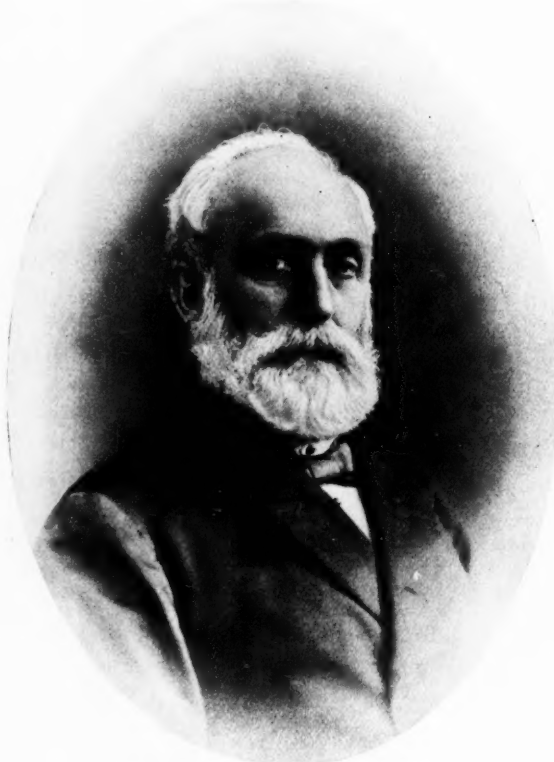
The chancellor, who has just celebrated his seventy sixth birthday, has a face that is interesting, though not strong, with big, blue, soulful eyes, and a weak voice of pleasing quality. His movements are guarded, but his handshake is hearty. It is a noted fact that Hohenlohe has more friends in the press, the world over, than either Bismarck or Caprivi could boast of in the days of his power.

\* \* \* \*

It is now ten years since the beautiful Lady Helen Venitia Duncombe made her bow to London society under the chaperonage of her sister, the Duchess of Leinster. Her Grace's death leaves Lady Helen Vincent, as she has now become, the most beautiful woman of London society. She is of slender figure, with a perfect bust, full arms, and a face exquisitely chiseled and denoting intelligence of a high order. Her skin is white with the

whiteness of snow, her eyes are a light blue. Her husband, Sir Edgar Vincent, not so many years ago was voted the handsomest man in the household troops, to which he belonged in the capacity of captain of the Coldstream Guards. At present he occupies the lucrative position of financial adviser to the Khedive, and director general of the Ottoman Bank.

Lady Helen comes from stock that has given England many beauties. Her great grandmother, on her mother's side, was known as "the beautiful Miss Linley," and became the wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, author of "The Rivals," himself a very good looking man. Other descendants of Sheridan noted for their beauty were Lady Seymour, afterwards Duchess of



Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Premier of Canada.

*From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.*

and displays the keenest interest in the affairs of the petty town. His wife, the Princess Marie, and the children, all don the Styrian costume, and it is quite a remarkable sight to see the old princess, with her daughter and her daughters in law, wearing short red skirts, and climbing up the mountains on mule back.

Hohenlohe excels in one thing of which his predecessors, Bismarck and Caprivi, never had the slightest notion. He knows his own failings. He is not a weak man, only one who adapts himself to circumstances. He is too rich to further, for the gain they promise, political measures that would benefit his own class, and he is too proud to accept orders that do not entirely coincide with his own views. The

Somerset, at one time England's crowned "Queen of Beauty," and the mother of the present Marquis of Dufferin. And all these women not only inherited the good looks for which their brilliant ancestor was noted, but also some, at least, of the esprit and wit that made his fame.

Lady Vincent was the brightest of the Duncombe sisters and did not make the mistake of marrying for love and position alone, like her late sister, the Duchess of Leinster. Her Grace, while in the flesh, was always hard pressed for money, and was very glad of the several hundred pounds per year which the enormous sales of her photographs yielded her. Sir Edgar Vincent is a millionaire, and is growing richer every day.

\* \* \* \*

THE political progress of Sir Mackenzie Bowell presents a striking illustration of the adage "slow and sure." His warmest admirer would hardly claim for him any marked trait of intellectual brilliancy, or any very high quality of statesmanship. How, then, comes he to be premier of the Dominion of Canada? The question may be more readily answered by an examination of the political exigencies existing at the time of his elevation than by a study of his career.

A native of England, he came to Canada while a mere boy, and began life there, sixty years ago, as a printer's devil. His connection with the press has been unbroken, and he is now proprietor of one of the most prosperous county papers in Canada. In 1867 he was elected to the first Parliament of the newly formed Dominion, and he held his seat continuously until he was appointed to the Senate, a few years ago. Perhaps the most important factor in his political career has been his close identification with the Orange body, of which he was grand master from 1870 to 1878. The astute leader of the Canadian Conservatives, Sir John A. Macdonald, saw in Mackenzie Bowell a safe representative of the Ontario Orangemen; and once admitted to the cabinet at Ottawa, he held his place through all changes and combinations until at length he advanced to the premiership by seniority. Last December, when the wand

of office was so suddenly and tragically dropped by Sir John Thompson, it fell to Sir Mackenzie Bowell—an English Protestant thus succeeding an Irish Catholic.

How long the present premier of Canada can hold his position must be decided by coming events. At present few political



General Augustus P. Martin.

From a photograph by Conly, Boston.

prophets predict for him a long lease of power.

\* \* \* \*

A BOSTON letter carrier recently immortalized himself. He was intrusted with the delivery of a letter addressed as follows: "General A. P. Martin, Waumbeck Street, Roxbury," but being unable to find any such person, he returned it to the office, with the laconic superscription in lead pencil, "Unknown." Such is fame. Even in the enlightened metropolis of New England, the man who commanded the Federal artillery on Little Round Top, who afterwards served Boston as its mayor, who has been one of its prominent business men for more than thirty years, and who for the past ten months has been perhaps its most talked of citizen, failed of recognition by the postal

service of his city until a more intelligent carrier readdressed the truant letter to 37 Pemberton Square.

There are not many people, however, in or out of Boston, who would set down General Martin as "unknown." He is known by what he has done. As chairman of the city board of police, he succeeded, inside of

tion, General Martin has won a respect that falls to the lot of few public officials.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE King of Sweden—if we except some of his colleagues in *partibus cannibalorum*—is today the only monarch who occasionally dons his crown. He wears it every time he faces the parliament of either of his two kingdoms. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why his head lies so uneasily. At present, his Norwegian subjects are becoming more restive than ever. They are tired of playing second fiddle to the Stockholm government, and want their claims to independence adjusted, or—well, they do not define their threat, but it looks as if the overtures made to them by Russia for the last ten or twenty years might indeed bear fruit.

But will Russia be satisfied with tearing the Swedish-Norwegian union asunder, leaving Norway to enjoy the good things promised by a republican form of government? It is hard to believe the northern bear capable of so much liberality. And if Oscar loses one half of his kingdom that it may be subjected to Russian influence, the genius of liberty will indeed have cause to bow its head in sorrow.

Personally, King Oscar is a very democratic gentleman. He eats with his knife, and enjoys a joke. At a court ball, several years ago, when the late minister in Stockholm—W. W. Thomas, Jr., of Maine—greeted his colleague of Great Britain—who was attired in the regulation scarlet uniform—with a hearty slap on the back, and the words: "How are you, old Flamingo?" His Majesty was the only person, aside from Mr. Thomas, who gave vent to his merriment without restraint. Americans admire King Oscar especially for a manly act that almost made history. When he visited the Pope in 1888, he did not press his lips reverently to Leo's signet ring, as prescribed by Vatican etiquette, but assuming equal rank with the pontiff, kissed him on both cheeks, thereby following in a measure the example set by General Grant, who



King Oscar of Sweden and Norway.

Drawn by V. Gribajedoff from a photograph by Cassirer & Danziger, Berlin.

six months after taking office, in effecting a change in Boston's moral tone, which his predecessors had unanimously and emphatically declared impossible. He proved himself a man of action, of tact and common sense, not an eloquent theorist. He dealt quietly and successfully with the problems of vice and corruption that have raised so unwholesome a storm in New York. He had no special training for this work, and no liking for police service. His success is simply that of an honest man with the courage of his convictions; a man who, while sometimes quarreling with the very laws which he is enforcing, regards his mission as not that of passing upon the wisdom of the statutes, but of assuring their execution. By putting this principle into impartial and efficient ac-

greeted Pio Nono with the simple words, "I am glad to see you, sir." Leo, most Olympian of Popes, was first inclined to treat the embrace as an insult, but thought better of it, and since then has made it a practice to receive sovereigns as *bons frères* and compeers.

THE Queensberry motto is "Forward," and from their knack of getting into the newspapers it would seem that the family mean to live up to it. Their annals have been full of incident. It was a tragedy that brought the title—which dates from 1682—to the present marquis, who was a boy of fourteen when his father accidentally shot himself. A few years later a younger brother met death upon the icy precipices of the Matterhorn, where his remains were so frightfully shattered that he could be identified only by a ring on his finger. Another brother, Lord Archibald Douglas, was converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and became a priest. A third, Lord James, who died four years ago, attracted some attention as a novelist. A sister, Lady Florence Dixie, is well known as an eccentric woman of strong and independent views. Some time since she figured in a case of mysterious assault, which, an incredulous public declared, was embellished, if not originated, by the lady's own imagination.

The marquis himself, whose individual name is Sir John Sholto Douglas, and who belongs to one of the first families of Scotland, is a man of fifty, spare and sinewy in build, and in face somewhat resembling Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. As an undergraduate at Magdalen College, Oxford, he was famous as a light weight boxer; and his fistic prestige has been perpetuated by his formation of a code of rules for pugilistic encounters. His unconventionalities are numerous. He is an avowed agnostic, and his wife—a Miss Sibyl Montgomery—obtained a divorce from him some years ago. As his marquisate is a Scotch title, he could sit in the House of Lords only as an elected representative—a compliment which his brother peers declined to bestow. For this slight the doughty Douglas held Lord Rosebery responsible, and he loudly proclaimed his desire to inflict physical chastisement upon the English premier.

In his most recent appearance before the public, as defendant in the libel suit of

Wilde *versus* Queensberry, general sympathy has been warmly with the marquis. It was the publication of "The Green Carnation"—in which his son, Lord Alfred Douglas, figures as *Lord Reggie*—that first drew attention to a situation that culminated in disclosures too recent and too revolting to call for repetition.

ITALY seems destined to have the most



The Marquis of Queensberry.

Drawn by V. Grihayidoff.

beautiful royal woman of the period for her queen. The successor to Her Majesty Margherita may very probably be Helen of Orleans, the young and handsome bride of the Duke of Aosta, heir presumptive to the crown of Italy. She is a daughter of the late Count of Paris, and a sister of the Queen of Portugal, who is noted as a happy wife and mother.

It is whispered that the Princess Helen will never be completely satisfied with her fate, as she cannot forget her first love, the late Duke of Clarence, whom she was prevented from marrying by the opposition of the Vatican. The fact that the Pope did not withhold his blessing from the Orleans-Aosta union proves that Leo is acting upon the policy of moderation. Who would have thought it possible, ten years ago, that His Holiness would extend his hand to the house of Savoy?

If the Duke of Aosta succeeds King

Umberto, or his cousin the prince of Naples, whom many believe to be doomed to an early grave, the legitimists will have good reason for setting up a wail at the degeneracy of the blood royal, for Aosta is only

sportsman, and an army officer of genuine merit; in short, he possesses almost all the qualities that should make a young girl happy. If he does not speedily succeed in effacing the memory of the Duke of Clarence



The Duke of Aosta.

*From a photograph by Bettini, Leghorn.*

half royal; his mother, who left him large estates in Italy and Belgium, was a commoner, a Cisterna of the house of Merode. A commoner, by the way, stands a chance of ascending the throne of Great Britain, in the person of Lady Alexandra Duff, daughter of Princess Louise of Wales and the Duke of Fife.

The Duke of Aosta is quite a handsome young fellow, having inherited none of the distinguishing features of the male Savoy. He is an entertaining talker, an excellent

from Helen of Orleans' heart, it will not be his fault.

\* \* \* \*

THE widowed Duchess of Aosta, Letitia Bonaparte, is the stepmother of the prince who has just signed a marriage contract with Helen of Orleans at Chateau Chantilly, the old home of the Condés. True daughter of the late Plon-Plon, she is always in hot water with her relatives, notably her pious mother, the Princess Clementine, and her severe brother in law



"Princess Helen of Orleans."

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the portrait by Huillard.*



Letitia, Dowager Duchess of Aosta.

*From a photograph by Canto, Turin.*

and uncle, the King of Italy. In her youth she had the reputation of being a "wild girl," and widow's weeds have never suited her complexion, as she once remarked to the German Emperor, one of her admirers.

The Duchess is poor, as her late husband's fortune, consisting principally of the marriage portion of his first wife, went to his three sons, the offspring of that union. Her income depends almost entirely upon the good will of King Umberto, who makes this a pretext for enforcing his own rather severe notions of propriety in the duchess' household. Some time ago Letitia escaped the argus eyed spies that surround her in the guise of court marshals and grand mistresses of something or other,

and took a run down to the Riviera, where she lived a few weeks incognito, enjoying herself in her own democratic way. But alas, she was found out, just as she was boarding a train for gay Paris. Of course she had to go back to sleepy old Turin; but she vowed that the triumph of her royal mentor and tormentor should be short lived. This promise she kept most faithfully, for on the very next day Letitia "broke loose" again, this time on a bicycle and in a rather risqué French costume. It is said that she rode through the streets of Turin at a rattling pace, and when the officer in charge of one of the barracks refused to pay her the usual honors as she passed, she dismounted and boxed his ears.

## THE TRAGEDY OF KHARTOUM.

SOME one has rightly said that it is often but the turn of a hair that makes a hero a coward, or a coward a hero. Bismarck, the man of iron, admits himself that in the dentist's chair he is a very poltroon. Who will deny that many a man has become a hero from sheer desperation—driven into a corner, perhaps, where death stares him in the face?

This is the tale of a hero who had something more terrible than death confronting him at a crucial moment. It was—well, listen.

We were giving a grand dinner to Duncan Mallory at Delmonico's. It was a time of great rejoicing, and for two reasons. Not only was Mallory the cleverest man on the *Herald* staff in '83, and not only was he about to start upon one of the most daring expeditions known to newspaper history, but on that very day he had been affianced to one of the loveliest daughters of old New York, a woman of rare attainments, position, and wealth. It was an odd gathering, in that Miss Beatrice Wexel, the bride to be, and many of her friends, types of the ultra exclusive world of fashion, were present at this banquet given by the most "wild Injun" sort of Bohemians in honor of their idol; but it was a brilliant company, for all that, and quite enthusiastic enough to spur any hero on to battle successfully with great problems.

Mallory was an '81 man at Harvard. Within a year after his graduation he had been advanced to the front rank of the *Herald's* special writers—a phenomenal record. In the fall of '83, as every one remembers, General Gordon, the English governor of the Soudan, was a prisoner at Khartoum, at the junction of the Blue and the White Niles, and Parliament was altogether too slow in effecting his rescue. Political red tape was soon to cost the brave general his life. He had appealed, and appealed in vain. When the British army moves, it is formidable enough; but it is sometimes a long while in starting. Meanwhile, the desperate and fanatical Arabs were surrounding the beleaguered city with a wall of arms.

It was at this moment that the metropolitan daily looked over its staff for the ablest

man to go and do what the English were so slow in accomplishing—to go to Egypt, break through the Arab lines from the east, enter Khartoum, ascertain whether Gordon was alive or not, and if he were, to offer him immediate means of rescue. The expeditionary forces were organizing, but it was the *Herald's* idea to get its man to the scene of action ahead of the English—a thing which was possible if he went instantly—and by some secret means to cipher the tidings to New York. It was a daring *tour de force*, calculated to awe the nations.

One by one the eloquent toasts were raised in Mallory's honor, God speed on God speed; and when the tall, fine featured athlete arose in response, glancing into the adoring eyes of his fiancée for inspiration, it seemed to him as if he could move heaven and earth after such a blessing. He spoke, but in broken monosyllables, from the very fullness of his heart. "His star was indeed in the ascendant," he said. "He would bear the flag of his country to victory. He would bring glory upon them all, God bless them!" Then came more champagne, wit, songs, speeches, and the good company dispersed, Mallory to spend the final hour with his loved one in the conservatory of her palatial Fifth Avenue home. He was to sail at daybreak—indeed, not so many hours after the final parting.

This last good by was as bitter and heart stirring as only such things can be when the assurance of the brave soldier's return is none of the best. Beatrice had repressed her emotions till the last moment, but finally the maiden heart burst forth in lamentations and bewailings that were melting and most pathetic. The awful dangers of Mallory's enterprise, so easy to the man who promises on good wine, now loomed up with their hideous uncertainties. She felt that she would never see her boy again, and as she pressed him to her bosom for the last time, her heart breaking prayer came near making a coward of her hero then and there. But vowing eternal love, zeal, and fidelity, Mallory managed at last to tear himself from her embrace, and make his way steamerward in about as unheroic a frame of mind as could be imagined.

Some cynic has wondered how many of

the world's heroes on the field of battle are heroes in the silence of their own closets at that most depressing hour just before the dawn. Mallory could have gone from the banquet table and fought his way through a stone wall; but with the distressing scenes between, and his lovely young bride's parting cry that they would never meet again, he was almost beside himself. His state-room was full of his equipments for the voyage; and as he lay in his bunk eyeing them there, haloed by the moonlight through the porthole, they seemed to command him like the faces of the damned. He arose and drew the blind. The flowers, too, offended him, and a rare bunch of roses went out of the porthole and splashed in the silent water. Fears redoubled, doubts returned more formidably armed, and the narrow bunk was becoming a bed of thorns. It is but a step from doubt of one's self to suspicion of others. Why had his friends applauded him in his resolve? Was it affection, or admiration of his talents? No. They were only ridding the field of their most formidable rival. He wished them in purgatory, his newspaper in limbo, and his beloved safely back in his arms once more. Why did he not leave base ambition to others? He closed his eyes. The bed seemed damp as a tomb, and something lay in his bosom like the poisoned head of an Arab lance. He dreamed himself four feet underground on the Nile banks; he could see the fair one who should have been his, clasped in the arms of another.

The poor fellow sprang out of bed, and suddenly caught sight of his reflected face in the glass. It was pale as death, and the few straggling moonbeams deepened the shadows with a ghastly blueness. Gordon—Khartoum—the *Herald*—the confounded British! What were they all to Duncan Mallory, man of parts, American to the heart of hearts, soon to be the husband of the loveliest creature in all the great wide world—or, rather, soon not to be, but to be, instead, a martyr to a newspaper advertising conceit? And then the echoes of those sobs, and the lingering sweetness of those last kisses—ah, were they indeed the last forever? The thought maddened him. What a fool he had been! What a dupe—a criminal dupe! And she was to be the sufferer. It was awful.

Hastily Mallory dressed by the light of the moon, and crept like a criminal to the deck. There was now a streak of deep scarlet above the gray of the eastern horizon. It swept abroad over the silent city of his love—that city which was soon

to send him forth on a mission of life and death. Mallory shuddered as he heard the officers' orders and the stir of departure.

He crept forward to see the gang plank drawn up, like the drawbridge of an ancient castle. His heart was in his throat as he heard the tackle creak and groan, and he braced himself against the shrouds, trembling. Convulsively his hand sought the photo in his bosom, which seemed to throb there with soft entreaties. Slyly he drew it forth, not daring to look at it—only to press his lips fervently to its warmth. Then, in the silence, he thought he heard strange echoes—words that burned their way into his heart of hearts: "Oh, you will never come back, my Duncan! They will murder you like a dog, and bury you in an unknown grave. I am saying good by forever, forever!"

Mallory listened, breathing heavily. There was a judgment of God in those plaintive sounds. It was truth!

He had reached the forward end of the deck now. Stretching from the capstan at his feet to the dock was the single hair that bound him still to everything that was near and dear to him. Without knowing why, he laid his two hands upon the iron cable, only to find them glued there as if by the force of a terrible electric current. He was quivering with mental agony, sweat trickling down his face, his brain in a whirl. Then, ere he realized what he had done, as if lashed over the naked back by a thousand scourging demons, Mallory leaped from the deck and slipped down the taut strand to the dock, springing into shadow—unperceived save by God, panting, dazed. Then came the hoarse shout, the shrill whistle, the splash of the heavy cable, and—farewell!

After recovering strength somewhat, Mallory turned his face toward the city. The suffering was gone, the load lifted, and he staggered from very lightness. He rejoiced as if he had been rescued from some horrible death by a miracle. He passed along to the nearest houses, and there, in the gray light of the November dawn, ordered enough breakfast for four men, but ate little. Then he wandered along the docks, where there would be the least liability of recognition, seeking to solve his new problem.

The tall clock in the tiled lower hall of the Wexel mansion had just chimed ten. There was the usual evening company in the salon, at the further end of which sat a young girl at the piano. She was playing—or, rather, thinking aloud—in soft, plaintive melody, the hilarity about her weigh-

ing heavily upon the tender heart which was trying so hard to be brave and calmly resigned for *his* sake. For would he not one day return to her, covered with honor and glory? And would she not share it all with her tall hero? How she loved him! As if inspired, her heart poured its fullness into the music; and those who heard read between the lines the first tragedy of a maiden's love—a divine drama of adoration and wonder, shadow and hope, heroism and invocation. It was more eloquent than words.

Suddenly the footman entered, passed over to the piano, and handed to the musician a letter. It read, "The bearer is from Duncan. Say nothing, but come." Beatrice choked, turned a little pale, then followed the lackey in silence.

As her dainty slippers touched the tiles of the lower hall, Beatrice spied a tall figure, closely muffled, standing in the half light. The newcomer saw her and trembled for joy. Oh, but she was beautiful at that moment! Sorrow and sacrifice had given her maiden features the repose of true heroism, combined with an inexpressible sweetness. Surely she was worthy of a great man's battle.

Timidly she came forward, and then the visitor drew down the muffler and outspread his arms toward her. Beatrice stopped short as if confronted by a specter. She was very pale. She could not speak.

"Beatrice!"

The girl shrank back a step, as if a curse was spoken, rather than the tenderest of appeals. "Duncan," came the quivering words at last, "what does this mean? What *can* this mean?"

"I have abandoned the ship. It has sailed without me!"

A look shot out of those virgin eyes that Mallory carried in his heart to his dying moment. "You—have—abandoned—" The sentence was never finished. The thought was too bitter for words.

"You do not seem to rejoice over it as I do, my love," returned the young man, shocked with this reception. "It was all for your sake, dear!"

Up came the trembling white hands as if to stay a blow. "For *my* sake, Duncan? You were a coward for—*my*—sake?"

No speech can convey the unutterable tragedy of that eloquent whisper and that still more eloquent glance—the drama of a soul filled to overflowing with love and adoration, and suddenly brought face to face with an awful disillusion. For the instant after that deadly stab, Mallory met her

gaze; then his eyes fell, for he was no longer able to bear it. Slowly, without one answering word, one extenuating plea, the crushed lover backed into the shadows, and slunk like a criminal into the night again. There was a sound of hurried foot-falls, and one low, despairing call; then came the clang of the iron gate, and Duncan Mallory was gone.

It was the memorable twenty fourth of January, two months later. If General Gordon was still alive in his palace prison at Khartoum, it was the three hundred and eighteenth day of his living entombment. An English baronet was in command of the expeditionary forces stationed on the left bank of the Nile, above the sixth cataract. Under the fiercest fire from the Arab lines, and the batteries of Goba behind them, the final struggle was being made by a gallant detachment of rescuers on board the little Nile steamer. They had hoped to reach Halfeyah, and thence to penetrate to the city of Khartoum, where the governor was a prisoner. The scene was one of the most thrilling in history. In the teeth of a whirlwind of shot they advanced, the long looked for goal in sight, the ancient river lashed with flying bullets and clouded with smoke. As fast as any advance was made, the Arab hordes closed in behind. At the bow of the little barge stood the gallant commander, a picture of doubt and of the hopeless realization of destiny. There was one at his side, too—a tall young athlete with a face of deathly pallor streaked with blood from a wound on the forehead. He had not uttered a sound during all the ordeal of death; but when he heard the commanding officer moan out, "It is hopeless! We must turn back!" the young man looked up into his superior's face and shouted above the roar of battle, "Tell her!" Then he placed a little message in the soldier's hand, drew his sword, leaped overboard, and struck out for the shore of the wide river.

The commander watched the madman gain the bank, mount it, and plunge on till he was lost in the belching smoke; then, with a sigh, he ordered the steamer put about, the retreat of the British advance guard was begun, and General Gordon was left to his awful fate.

Five weeks later an entrance into Khartoum was effected. The palace had been razed, and Gordon was no more. How he died, no one knows to this day; but the commander found a few relics of the immortal hero and those with him at the time of the treacherous opening of the gates to

the Arabs. Among these mementos was a sword of American make and design, covered with blood, and a water stained portrait of an American girl. It was then that the faithful commander sat down and wrote the message that caused such com-

motion in both the Bohemian and the aristocratic circles of New York—

"The only man of the expeditionary forces to reach Gordon alive was an American—Duncan Mallory by name. He died at his side."

*Charles Edward Barns.*

---

#### SAILING IN SOUTHERN SEAS.

'GAINST breasting breeze, o'er seething seas,  
We ride and run and plunge and plow ;  
On water's waste our track is traced  
In fleecy foam, by piercing prow.

In glee we glide and shoot and slide ;  
Thro' warring waves we wend our way,  
That rush and race and fan the face  
With drenching drops of stinging spray.

We tear in two the billows blue,  
That melt and merge in gray and green ;  
The radiant rays that greet our gaze  
Steep surging swells in shining sheen.

Thro' sheet and sail the gladsome gale  
Sings shrilly, and in passing plays  
In minor moan and tuneful tone  
On stiffened shrouds and straining stays.

We dance and dive and strike and strive,  
With grind and groan from grating gaff ;  
We crash and clash, we slash and splash,  
The driving foam our bulwarks quaff.

The leeward land, the surf and sand,  
Are hid in haze, astern afar ;  
We roll and reel and hiss and heel  
Thro' thrashing breakers on the bar.

Ah, lusty life 'mid storm and strife,  
In wind swept ways of flying foam !  
An end of earth ; for what is worth  
The moving main to range and roam ?

To wander wide o'er turbid tide,——  
To live and laugh where billows boom ;  
E'en death less drear, if free from fear,  
We find in flood a taintless tomb.

*George Rainsford Talboys.*

## THE MYSTERY OF MARSHAL NEY.

FOR nearly eighty years it has been generally believed that Marshal Ney was shot to death in Paris, on the 7th of December, 1815, after his condemnation as a traitor by the newly restored Bourbon régime. Indeed, no fact in history seemed to be more firmly established. If Napoleon's famous lieutenant was not shot, said orthodox chroniclers, then all history must be a lie. Not so; but it has frequently made mistakes, even in matters of comparatively recent occurrence, where the facts of the case have been simple, and where there has been no special motive for deception.

For instance, Cambronne did not say, "The guard dies, it does not surrender!" He did not die; he was not wounded; he was not even with the Old Guard when it surrendered. He was taken prisoner some time before by Colonel Halkett, who rode him down and was about to saber him when "this Titan, Cambronne—what could be grander?" bravely cried out, "I surrender!"

The celebrated speech beginning: "The atrocious crime of being a young man," was never made by William Pitt. It was written by Dr. Johnson, when he lived in a garret and made his living by "evolving from his internal consciousness" the "Parliamentary Speeches."

Nelson did not wear a specially gorgeous uniform at the battle of Trafalgar. He was dressed in an ordinary, faded suit, somewhat the worse for wear.

Alexander the Great did not "weep for more worlds to conquer," but when he heard of a plurality of worlds, he wept because there were so many, and he had not conquered even one.

Forty Fort was not burned, with all the people therein, after the so called massacre of Wyoming. No quarter was given on the field of battle, but very fair terms were granted to the garrison of the fort. The scalps said to have been thrown over the wall by the Indians, before the mythical burning, were too valuable for such a use, as they were worth ten dollars apiece, of which eight went to the scalper and two to the chief.

If in these and many other instances history has had to correct her errors, why may she not have been mistaken in her chronicle

of the fate of Marshal Ney, where—according to evidence here to be set before the reader—there was a carefully and skilfully prepared plot to create a false impression?

The military record of Ney is too well known to require more than a passing mention. The Bourbons' unrelenting hatred for this republican soldier is shown by the fact that when his "Memoirs" were published by his family in 1833, the record closes before the Peninsular campaign, and thus omits his most brilliant exploits; but his achievements were too much a part of French history to be forgotten or ignored. He was equally great in attack and retreat. He richly earned the title of "the bravest of the brave," but his bravery was equaled by his prudence. The maneuvers he executed when he covered Massena's retreat from Portugal would alone have been sufficient to immortalize him. At Redinha, with only six thousand men, he held Wellington back for six hours, and made the English leader think that the whole French army was before him. Again, his gallantry was the one bright page of the disastrous story of the retreat from Moscow. He was personally the "rear guard of the Grand Army."

In politics, Ney was a thorough republican. He accepted the rule of Napoleon as being the only way in which the fruits of the Revolution could be secured. Anything was better than Bourbon rule. France had had her fill of the exercise of "the divine right of kings." The man who had raised himself to the first place, not by hereditary claims, but by transcendent merit, was, in his eyes, an embodiment of the people. In what he deemed the holy cause of freedom, measures could be taken that were utterly foreign to the true character of this man, who was by nature transparently honest and outspoken. At Fontainebleau, before Napoleon's first capitulation, it was arranged between Ney and his chief that the emperor should return at the earliest possible moment. Napoleon denied this at St. Helena, but a great part of his recorded utterances, during his captivity, had for their purpose the making of history in accordance with the Napoleonic notion, or the accomplishment of some design buried deep in the

breast of the wily Corsican. There is no real doubt that all Ney's subsequent conduct was the acting of a prearranged part. He had the special task of securing the confidence of the rethroned monarch. It is not surprising that Louis should harbor a special grudge against the marshal who promised, when sent to meet the escaped prisoner of Elba, to bring Bonaparte to Paris in an iron cage, but who came marching back to the French capital as Bonaparte's right hand man, while *Louis le Desiré* was traversing the well worn road to the Belgian frontier as rapidly as frequent relays of post horses and lavish *pourboires* to the postilions could carry him.

At the close of the battle of Waterloo, Ney, for the last time, covered the retreat of a French army. Ere long, one hundred and twenty thousand brave soldiers were holding Paris, so strongly intrenched that Wellington and Blücher were afraid to attack them. "The longed for Louis" had followed in the wake of the French army, timidly, obediently, almost slavishly, waiting for Wellington to open to him the gates of Paris. A capitulation was arranged, the terms of which were necessarily very comprehensive. A general amnesty was declared as plainly as it was possible to express it. "The inhabitants and all individuals who shall be in the capital shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties without being disturbed or called to account, either as to the situations they hold or may have held, or as to their conduct or political opinions." (Article 12.) To make sure that there should be no weak links in this chain of protection, Article 15 adds: "If difficulties arise in the execution of any one of the articles of the present convention, the interpretation of it shall be made in favor of the French army and the city of Paris."

Nothing, it would seem, could be clearer; yet the Duke of Wellington positively refused to save Ney's life, or at least refused to save it openly, stoutly maintaining that the convention was "exclusively military; that it touched nothing political, and that it was not intended to bind, and could not bind, the hands of the King of France."

Ney had prudently retired, after the capitulation, to a chateau in the mountains of Auvergne. He was discovered, arrested, and taken to Paris. He pleaded the terms of the capitulation, but every objection to his trial was overruled. The most that he could get was a trial by his peers (he was a peer of France); and the members of the court adjudged him guilty, though many of them felt that he was entitled to share in the

general amnesty. They were induced to give their votes against him by the suggestion that he would be pardoned after he had been soundly disciplined by the fear of his apparently impending execution. They very soon learned that the cruelty and vindictiveness of cowardice can override all considerations of honor.

The king indulged in a good deal of sentimental twaddle. "I pity Ney," said the merciful monarch; "I have no hatred against him. I would gladly preserve a father to his children, a hero to France;" yet he doggedly refused to change the sentence of the court. A cabinet council was summoned, at which it was unanimously resolved to petition the king for a commutation of the penalty. Many of the peers had openly declared that they did not desire the marshal's death, that they had voted for it in obedience to the royal wish, but under the tacit condition of a commutation of the penalty by the government. They therefore "conjured the prime minister to solicit from the king *exile to America* for the condemned, instead of the scaffold."

The Duke of Richelieu hastened to the royal apartments, and anxiously pleaded for mercy. Others, not a few of them, came to speak for the life of the great marshal; but when they arrived at the palace, his gracious majesty was going to bed, and would not listen to a word. Waving his hand as he wheeled away, he exclaimed: "Let me hear when I awake that the traitor has paid the forfeit of his crime!"

On the evening of the day when Ney was sentenced to be shot, the king held a reception, to which Wellington was invited. He went to the palace intending to ask Louis to spare the life of Ney, but the king suspected his purpose, and just before Wellington reached him, the Count of Artois—who afterwards reigned as Charles X—darted between Wellington and his majesty, as if afraid that the duke wished to assassinate the king. It was a fitting task for the pusillanimous prince who, in 1796, when nearly a quarter of France rose in his favor, had not the courage to land and place himself at the head of the insurgents, whom he basely left to the vengeance of the republicans.

At the very moment of this interference, the king deliberately turned his back upon Wellington, in the presence of the whole court, and in the most marked and offensive manner. The duke, who felt this insult keenly, turned to the courtiers, and said:

"You forget that I commanded the armies

which put your king on his throne. I will never again enter the royal presence."

Nor did he, until the Count of Artois called upon him and begged him, almost on his knees, to return to the court.

At a conclave of the royal family it was decided to hasten the execution, and to have the marshal shot at or about five o'clock the following morning. The Bourbons could not, dared not, attempt to carry out the sentence of the law according to the forms of law. The government did not venture to let the troops or the people face the marshal. On the 7th of December a picket of sixty veterans was drawn up at the place of execution, at 5 A. M., but the marshal was brought to the spot four hours and twenty minutes later. Contrary to the usual custom, the soldiers loaded their own guns. An officer advanced to bandage Ney's eyes, but was stopped by the proud interrogation, "Are you ignorant that for twenty five years I have been accustomed to face both balls and bullets?"

Ney cautioned the soldiers not to fire until he put his hand upon his heart. Then, with a firm voice, he gave the command: "Soldiers, straight to the heart—fire!" striking his hand on his heart as the last word was uttered.

A single report was heard. Ney fell as if struck with a thunderbolt, without a convulsion and without a sigh.

The official record is perfectly regular, stating that the condemned man "fell dead instantly, without a struggle or a movement, pierced with twelve balls, nine in the breast and three in the head. Conformably to military regulations, the body remained exposed on the place of execution for a quarter of an hour." It was then "placed upon a litter, covered with a cloth, and carried by the veterans to the hospital for foundlings. At 6:30 the next morning it was conveyed to the burial ground of Père la Chaise, in a hearse, followed by a mourning coach and several other coaches. It had been inclosed in a leaden coffin within an oak one."

In view of this testimony, how can any one doubt that Ney was executed on the 7th of December, 1815?

The doubters might be scanty in number, and those might be only the few people still alive who were residents of certain parts of North Carolina and the adjacent country between the years 1819 and 1846, and others who have heard and believed the current traditions concerning this matter, had not a thorough investigation been undertaken and carried through by the Rev. James A. Wes-

ton, who for twelve years gathered and sifted the evidence with rare perseverance and indefatigable zeal. His work involved two trips to Europe and many journeys in this country, besides a voluminous correspondence, and the results are such as to force every candid person to admit that the testimony collected is both interesting and convincing.

Sufficient space remains for only a brief résumé of the evidence. It must be remembered that Wellington was a free mason of high rank, and so was Ney. Wellington was not all powerful. Some of the allies of England were as vindictive as the Bourbons. Blücher, for instance, wished to have Napoleon shot at the same place where he had had the Duc d'Enghien executed, and at the same hour of the day. But here was a brother of the craft, unjustly condemned. The hastily contrived execution was delayed until arrangements for a *post mortem* rescue, if such a term may be used, could be devised.

According to Mr. Weston's account of the affair, old soldiers were selected who were devoted to Ney. As he walked by the file he whispered, "Aim high!" When he struck his hand upon his heart, he burst a bag of red fluid, resembling blood, placed there for that purpose, and fell quickly so that the balls would pass over him. The "leaden coffin within an oak one" was a convenient makeweight, well calculated to carry through the deception. That night he rode eighty miles on a swift horse, and a few days later he embarked upon a vessel bound for Charleston. On the voyage he was recognized by a soldier who had served under him. He remained under the hatches for the remainder of the passage (thirty five days), and did not go ashore until he had seen his former acquaintance disappearing in the distance.

For more than three years he remained in Charleston, studying the classics and fitting himself for his future life work. He was already master of the English language, and eventually he spoke it with only a very slight accent. He took the name of Peter Stuart Ney. The retention of his own name as a surname was in keeping with his bold, shrewd, practical character. The French soldiers had called Marshal Ney "Peter the Red." It was their pet name for him. "Courage, the Red Lion is coming," they used to say; "all will soon be right, for Peter the Red is coming!" The allusion was to his reddish blond hair. The adoption of Stuart as his middle name

was a happy stroke. His appearance was such that many took him for a Scotchman. His features bore a remarkable resemblance to those of the Earl of Elgin. He frequently said that his mother was a Scotchwoman, but no trace of Scottish ancestry can be found anywhere in Marshal Ney's genealogy.

Peter S. Ney taught school in various places in North and South Carolina. The greater part of his life in this country was spent in the first named State, and he died in Rowan County, North Carolina, on the 15th of November, 1846. He had under his instruction, during the twenty six years beginning with 1820, an aggregate of many hundreds of pupils, and he was almost an ideal teacher, in spite of a failing that would have destroyed the usefulness of an ordinary man. His salary was never more than \$200 a year and board, for he always sought secluded districts; but he always had sufficient money for his wants, and he lost \$10,000 by the failure of the United States Bank.

The refugee—for such we must believe him to be—showed many evidences of his former associations. When he heard of the death of Napoleon, he fainted and "fell to the floor, exactly as if he had been shot." On regaining consciousness, he dismissed the school, went to his room, and shut himself up for the rest of the day. He burned a large quantity of his papers—perhaps everything that he thought might lead to the discovery of his identity; and on the next morning he did not make his appearance as usual. He was found with his throat cut. The blade of the knife that did the work had broken in the wound, and this probably saved his life.

He had always been a moderate drinker, but after this occurrence he was occasionally intemperate. When under the influence of liquor, he sometimes claimed to be Marshal Ney, but in his sober moments he usually, though not always, declined to admit such a claim, showing great uneasiness when he was recognized, as happened several times.

Marshal Ney and Murat were the best swordsmen in Europe, and they used to try their skill in the presence of Napoleon, who occasionally had to separate them when the contest became too earnest. Peter S. Ney, too, was an expert fencer. Upon one occasion a French fencing master wished to find pupils among the boys in Mr. Ney's school. They told him that if he would take a tilt with their teacher, and hit him, they would get him up a big class. The contest took

place, but after parrying thrusts for a while, Mr. Ney clave the Frenchman's hat in two, just grazing his ear. "Boys, you have a master; you have no use for me!" was the acknowledgment of the defeated swordsman.

The news of the accession of Louis Philippe, in 1830, was a great blow to Mr. Ney, but he still hoped that the son of the great Napoleon might be placed on the throne of France. In October, 1832, he received a newspaper in which was chronicled the death of the king of Rome. For some time he walked the floor in speechless sorrow. Then, turning to one of his pupils, he pointed to the andirons in the fireplace, and said:

"Little fellow, can you eat those *dog-irons*?"

The reply was, of course, in the negative.

"Well," said Ney, "I have a harder task than that to perform. Young Napoleon is dead, and with him dies all hope of ever getting back to France, of again seeing wife and children and home and friends."

Mr. Ney was an omnivorous reader, and a facile and vigorous writer. He wrote for the Washington *Intelligencer* and for various other newspapers. He read with special pleasure any book about Napoleon or his wars. If he borrowed such a book it was usually found to be filled with Ney's notes, in which errors were corrected, statements of numbers were rectified, and details were added—frequently such incidents as only an eye witness, or one thoroughly familiar with the matters in question, could have known. Such books are still in existence, and are strong corroborative evidence of Mr. Ney's identity with the marshal. His handwriting, of which many specimens are extant, has been pronounced by experts to be the same as that of Marshal Ney. He was a skilful stenographer, and taught his method to his pupils, some of whom can still decipher a portion of the notes that he left in this shape. In spite of his one serious failing, Mr. Ney always retained the respect and admiration of those who knew him by a life that was otherwise blameless. He frequently taught poor children for nothing, letting the cost of their tuition be deducted from his small salary. His duties as a country teacher were performed with fully as much fidelity and success as any military service that he ever rendered. He ascertained accurately what each pupil could do, and exacted no more, and no less. The discipline of his school was always perfect. The timid were encouraged, and the overbearing and con-

ceited soon found their master. A single glance of Ney's piercing blue eyes was enough to recall a rebellious pupil to his duty.

It is to be regretted that none of Ney's autobiographical papers are now in existence. At the time of his receipt of the news of the death of the younger Napoleon, he destroyed a large roll of manuscript, which he said was an account of his life, adding that if he died before going back to France, his full history would be known. He afterward wrote another account, which he requested a former pupil to translate. The task was declined, and Mr. Ney's executor gave the manuscript to a gentleman who resided in New York. The latter promised to do the work, but died abroad in 1865, without making any visible progress in his translation. Unfortunately, the document can no longer be found.

Mr. Ney was recognized as the marshal by several people. Once he took two of his pupils to Columbia, the South Carolina capital, to see a military review, and was invited by the governor to act as honorary aide-de-camp. His splendid horsemanship and magnificent bearing attracted universal attention. Several foreigners who were present declared positively that he was Marshal Ney. They said that they had seen the marshal many times in Europe, and that they could not be mistaken. When Mr. Ney heard this, he immediately rode off the field, went to his hotel, and stayed in seclusion during the remainder of the day. That night he told the two boys that they must start home very early next morning.

In 1840, two Germans, John Snyder and Frederick Barr, who had served under Marshal Ney in Europe, recognized their old commander in Peter S. Ney. Snyder, who afterward described himself as having been "out of his senses" with amazement, raised his hands and exclaimed: "Lordy God, Marshal Ney!" Ney made a sign to him to say no more, and afterward conversed with him, succeeding in silencing

him for a time. Barr was more outspoken, and it was not long before it was made profitable for him to remove to Indiana.

There was indeed need for secrecy. Many people in France were accessories to Ney's escape. As he was legally dead, he could not receive the protection of any subsequent amnesties. His wife and family would have been impoverished by an unsparing confiscation of their property, had his identity been known to any of the Bourbon governments.

If he had survived five years longer, he might have returned to France in safety. Within four years after the *coup d'état*, Louis Napoleon, who had probably heard certain significant rumors, had the coffin of Marshal Ney opened. No remains were in the decayed casket, and apparently it had never contained anything. But the third Napoleon's accession to power had come too late for Peter Stuart Ney. He had lived out his life of self denial, and had been buried in an obscure American grave.

When he was in his last illness, and the end was near at hand, the attending physician, Dr. Locke, said to him:

"Mr. Ney, you have but a short time to live, and we would like to know from your own lips who you are before you die."

Ney, who was perfectly calm and rational, raised himself up on his elbow, and looking Dr. Locke full in the face, said:

"I am Marshal Ney, of France."

Two or three hours later he died, after a short period of delirium, during which his mind wandered back to the death of Bessières and the field of Waterloo. Marshal Bessières, the commander of the Old Guard, had been killed the day before the battle of Lützen (1813), as Napoleon and Ney were riding by his side. His death made a deep impression on Ney and the whole army. So, in that moment of mental aberration, the lost friend and the lost field are linked together, as the exiled marshal of France says: "Bessières is dead and the Old Guard is defeated; now let me die!"

Charles Holland Kidder.

#### THE HERO

To be a hero must you do some deed  
With which your name shall ring the world  
around?—  
With blade uplifted must you dare to lead  
Where armies reel on slopes with lightning  
crowned?

Who is earth's greatest hero? He that bears  
Deep buried in his king's heart his lot  
Of suffering; and, if need be, he that dares  
Lay down his life for right, and falters not!

Henry Jerome Stockard.

Or must you set for polar seas your sails,  
And chart the arctic's silent realms of snow?  
Or drag your barge through virgin streams in  
pales  
Of undiscovered lands? I tell you no!

## DANFORTH'S DILEMMA.

**M**R. HOWARD DANFORTH, alias John Detch, alias Mortimer Ritter, alias H. L. Davis—by which last name he was just now registered in the office below—this gentleman of many appellations sat in his room on the third floor back, before a coal fire, toasting his shins and cogitating on his fortunes.

Looked at in one light, these were at the very ebb. If payment had been demanded he could not have put up the money for the fire before which he was comforting himself, much less for the delectable dinner he had eaten some hours before. But payment was not demanded. Being a specious gentleman of good address, with a fine, open countenance and a large and stylish portmanteau, he was welcomed to the privileges of the accommodating hostelry without question.

Besides this outward show, which was always a large part of his stock in trade, his entire capital consisted of two twenty five cent pieces, a Columbian half dollar, and an unlimited amount of "nerve." Upon this latter Mr. Danforth relied, both to take him through certain tight places, and to replenish his funds when that became absolutely necessary. It had become necessary now, and he was only waiting until the proper time to take prompt and effective action.

The goddess Fortune, his only acknowledged mistress, had placed in his hands the opportunity for the replenishment of his purse. That opportunity took the shape of a bridal couple, who had arrived that morning with an atmosphere of love and three trunks. The groom was a slight, pale young fellow with a downy mustache; the bride, a willowy girl, so enveloped in furs that one could not see her face, but with a deliciously small ankle, and a charming turn of the wrist when holding up her skirts. These things Mr. Danforth admired as became a man of taste; but most of all was his attention attracted by the sparkling ear drops that twinkled from under her veil. He was an amateur in diamonds, and knew a good thing when he saw it, as well as Grubb the pawnbroker—who, by the way, could be counted on to discount those same diamonds if luck

turned that way. An examination of the register, and a little casual conversation with the clerk, showed these young people to be Francis Drummond and Wife, and that they were established in a suite of rooms on the third floor front.

And so Mr. Danforth sat and meditated on these things, and waited for the clock in the church tower around the corner to strike three, which was his hour for business. This rule of action was based on a great deal of practical investigation as to the precise time when people sleep soundest. As every keen observer knows, two o'clock in the morning is the hour when the world turns over in bed, yawns, and goes to sleep again; and, for good reasons, three o'clock is the time when it is again sleeping soundly.

By way of preparation, Mr. Danforth carefully removed his pointed patent leather shoes. Then he opened his bag, and extracted therefrom a pair of heavy felt slippers, which fastened about the ankle with an elastic. He also took out a silver mounted revolver. It was not loaded, and was only intended to display to persons who happened to be wakeful, and who were disposed to express surprise at the presence of an unknown and unbidden visitor. In all his experience, which extended over some five years of fortune hunting in two hemispheres, he had met but one man who cared to look into the muzzle of the revolver and at the same time make a disturbance. This man had compelled Mr. Danforth to hit him between the eyes with his left and "upper cut" him with his right, before the intruder's exit was undisputed. He now adjusted the slippers, placed the ornamental firearm in his right hand coat pocket, and resumed his attitude of shin toasting.

Half an hour later, when the clock struck three, he was at the door of the suite on the third floor front. How he got through the door it is not necessary to state, but to a man of his experience a lock or a bolt was as little binding as a spider's thread, and to give away the secret of unbolting a door from the outside would be a poor bit of policy. He found himself in a dressing room. With a match that had neither the crackle of the "parlor," nor the odor of the

"sulphur," he lighted the gas. In the bed room beyond a tiny night lamp was burning, and he paused for an instant at the door to make sure of the regular breathing of the sleepers. Then he turned to the toilet table, which stood between the windows. It was overspread with a most elaborate and tempting display. There were silver backed brushes of all sizes and kinds, hand mirrors and tiny teeth mirrors, cut glass perfume bottles, knives and scissors, and dainty powder boxes. Mr. Danforth looked at all these with a loving eye; he could appreciate fine things, even though they belonged to another. He even touched his cheek with perfume, and smoothed his hair a little, as he looked into the mirror. He was really a very good looking fellow.

But other matters pressed. Opening the top drawer he fumbled through it. There was a profusion of neck wear, collars and cuffs, underclothing and fine linen. There were also buttons for the cuffs, studs of fine gold, and pins of precious stones, but Mr. Danforth put them aside. He opened the next drawer. The linen was finer. It was fluffed and ribboned. There was a suspiciously large pile of handkerchiefs in one corner. He lifted them and disclosed a jewel box of soft leather. His eyes sparkled, and he snapped up the lid. The diamonds within sparkled back at him—two as prettily set stones as he had ever seen, in ear drops; a brooch of diamonds and rubies; a splendid tortoiseshell comb topped with rare diamonds. Then there were some rings of various sorts, a pretty little pearl necklace, and a bracelet.

He selected a large silk handkerchief and wrapped the jewels in it carefully, making a neat bundle, which he put into his left hand coat pocket. He closed the box and replaced it. He even laid back the linen, and smoothed it into place, for he liked order. Then, having put things as he found them, something possessed him to go into the further room, where the sleepers were.

He walked quickly on flat foot to the door, and after listening a minute, entered. The night lamp cast a dull glow over the objects in the room. The light fell on the face of the sleeping woman, and warmed into a pleasing color the hair that lay on the pillow. She was lying on her side, with her arm thrown out, and her lips just parted in the effort of respiration. Mr. Danforth went a step nearer. She turned a little, and the yellow ruffle of her gown fell away from her throat. He could see her face clearly. He stopped, grasped nervous-

ly at the footboard, and put his hand to his eyes; then it went involuntarily to his left pocket. He leaned farther over and peered hard into the girl's face. His lips smiled, but there was no smile in his eyes. "Louise!" he muttered, and the room with the little dot of light faded away. In its place he saw a long stretch of white beach with the waves coming in, lap, lap. The sandpipers "teetered" along the shore, and the gulls screamed in the sky. He saw a big white umbrella, and under it a girl sketching, while at her feet lay a man reading aloud from a magazine. Once he caught up her hand and kissed it. The face of the girl was the same that lay on the pillow, and the man was Howard Danforth.

He thought of a good many things that had happened that summer, and he thought of them a little sadly. Things turned out queerly, very queerly; if it had not been for—but he smiled grimly, and put that behind him.

The room seemed to be getting very hot. Perhaps he was nervous; yet there were few things, no matter how startling, that could upset his coolness. But what was all that rumble from the street below, and what—? He raised his head and sniffed at the air. Just then a cry floated up to him from below, a boy's shrill voice, and it said, "Fire!"

Simultaneously, he heard the clang of a patrol bell. He went into the outer room. It was hotter than the other, and his nostrils smarted. He jerked open the door and went into the hall. The smoke rolled heavily along it. What was to be done must be done quickly. Catching up a white wrapper of flannel from a chair, he bounded back into the sleeping room. He laid his hot hand on the forehead of the man. The jar wakened him, and he sat up wonderingly.

"Get up," said Danforth. "The place is on fire! Don't stop to dress, but tell your wife to throw on this wrapper. Hurry!"

"What is it?" said the girl, startled suddenly into consciousness. "What is it, Frank? Who was that?"

But Mr. Danforth was already in the outer room. He stepped to the window, and looked down. The street was full of men. He felt of the rope that hung coiled on a hook by the window.

"We will try the stairway first," he said, as the Drummonds joined him. The husband had hurriedly donned his trousers, and was struggling with his coat.

"Howard, is it you?" exclaimed Mrs. Drummond. "How did you come to be here? And can I take nothing?" she added despairingly, as they ran into the hall.

"Nothing," he answered, ignoring the first question. He recalled afterwards how beautiful she looked in her loose white wrapper, with her hair fluffed about, and fright in her eyes.

They went to the staircase. A battalion of black smoke and red flame charged up at them.

"There's a stairway at the other end of the hall," said Drummond; "perhaps we could go by that."

"No use," panted Danforth, and he pointed to the flame that was already licking around the corner at the far end of the hall. "We'll have to go by the window of your room."

They got into the room and shut the door. Danforth began to uncoil the big rope. "It's not very dangerous, if the fire doesn't get here before we get away. You must go first, Mrs. Drummond. Better put something under your arms so that the rope won't cut you. So—" and he slipped the loop over her shoulders, and drew it tight. "Now, if you are ready, get out on the sill and let yourself over. We'll hold you perfectly secure, and it won't take a minute."

She hesitated for the shadow of a second. Her face grew white. Then she turned and kissed her husband, and stepped quickly upon the window sill. She swung off, bumped against the wall, and cried out. The men lowered her rapidly, but for all that it seemed as if she would never reach the ground. It was getting hotter, and the little waves of smoke were oozing in by the door.

At last the rope slackened. They could see her lifted in the arms of the men, a white dot in the blackness. The rope swung free, and Danforth pulled it back with great jerks.

"No! No!" interposed Drummond. "I can slide down it. It will take too long to lower me, and you mustn't take any risks. Wait till I get my wife's jewels; I can save them." He made a dive for the drawer, and took out the jewel case, which he slipped into his pocket. The glass in the transom crackled, and the flames peered in and lit up the room.

"Did you ever swarm down a rope?" asked Danforth, as he looked at the young man's hands.

"No, but I can try. If I fall—" But

the other cut him short, and flung the noose over his head, almost roughly.

"Now you're off," he urged, and the young fellow went over the sill. He was not heavy, but Danforth was out of training. His muscles strained and his joints cracked, as the rope paid out slowly. His eyes smarted, and once he had to take a hitch around the hook, and lean out for breath. Then he shut his eyes and lowered away, but his breath came fast and his head was dizzy.

Again the rope slackened. With a gasp Danforth sprang upon the sill and let himself over. He twisted his leg into the rope and swung off. He breathed more freely after he got away from the window, but the hemp grew hot under his hands, and he thought he must let go. But again his mind helped his muscles, and he still went down; down, past the second story window, out of which the flames were darting; down, until he dropped into the arms that were reached up to him. There was a cheer from the sympathetic crowd that had gathered in the street.

Young Drummond caught him by the hand. "You have saved our lives," he said simply, "and I thank you. You are an old friend of my wife's, I believe."

"Yes," put in Mrs. Drummond; "this is Mr. Danforth—and this is my husband, Mr. Francis Drummond; but how did you happen to come to us?"

Danforth rested for a moment to gain his senses.

"Easy enough to explain if one were to explain it," he said with an attempt at a laugh. "I am a sheep in wolf's clothing. But you mustn't stand here. There's a hotel a little way around the corner; you would better go there. We can do no good for this place. It's gone up. It isn't pleasant to lose one's clothes, but such things have to be borne."

Mrs. Drummond placed herself between the men, and took an arm of each. Thus they walked through the crowd of people, stopping now and then to look back at the burning building.

At the hotel steps Danforth paused. "I shall have to go back," he explained. "I have some things to look after. You would better go straight to bed. You can do nothing till morning. Then you can get fitted out. It's too bad—and a wedding journey, too!"

"But you will be here in the morning, will you not?" asked Drummond.

"Yes; we shall want to hear the whole story," said Mrs. Drummond. "Good

night," and she put out her hand. "I will thank you more in the morning," she added, as he touched it.

As they turned to go up the steps, Drummond felt a touch on his arm.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Danforth,

handing him a small packet made up in a handkerchief—"I beg your pardon, but I think your wife must have forgotten her diamonds."

Then, before Drummond could speak, he turned and went back into the crowd.

*Frederick Miller Smith.*

## IN EXILE.

## I.

You exile me, but not my song.

Would you, if you had known, my sweet,  
That I should speed this verse along  
Until it melted at your feet,  
Loose from its cage this lark of song  
To drop and sing to you, my sweet?

## II.

You exile me, but not my song.

Could you if you had willed, my sweet?  
For homing birds fly swift and strong  
Through wet and dry and frost and heat,  
And coming, singing the whole day long,  
Unless their song be stilled, my sweet.

## III.

You exile me, but not my song,

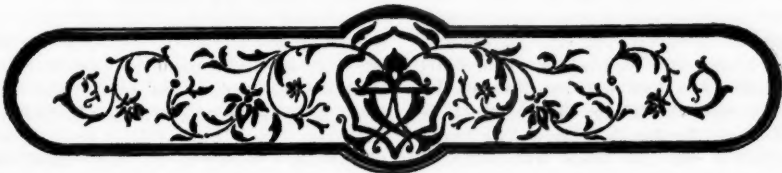
The lark knows where his nest is, sweet;  
And though his flight be far and long,  
He comes at night where rest is, sweet.  
His little compass is not wrong  
And points him fluttering to your feet.

## IV.

You exile me, but not my song.

Do you not tire of striving, sweet?  
For in your heart these birds belong,  
In mine they caged and captive beat;  
For their sweet mates—your thoughts—they long;  
Like me they would be wiving, sweet.

*Algernon Tassin.*



## IN THE REDWOODS.

IT was the night of November 25, 1880. The moon, half spent, rose over the long, unbroken range of mountains that extends along the northern coast of California from Bodega Inlet to Humboldt Bay. Perhaps an hour before midnight, a young girl stood in the doorway of a deserted cabin, far up in the Russian River canyon, watching the east grow light, and waiting for the moon to rise. A trail, half obliterated by the growth of underbrush and fallen trees, ran a few yards in front of the cabin, and led on down the canyon to an old logging camp. By the light of the moon this trail would be plainly visible at a place a quarter of a mile higher up the mountain, where it crossed a clearing in the redwoods; and toward this spot the girl's face was turned.

She was alone, and seemed impatient for the coming light, which lingered so long among the tall trees on the summit of the range. A cloak, black and long, and from its shape evidently a "gentleman's," was thrown over her shoulders, and its hood covered her head. No sound stirred the deep stillness of the forest, save now and then the cry of some mountain cat. She had played with mountain cats; why should they frighten her? Yet she shuddered at the cry. It was so near. Even the creaking of a board, as she stepped back a little into the cabin, startled her.

"My!" she said to herself, "how scared I am at nothin'."

Then she drew the cloak closer about her and stepped out.

The moon had risen. It looked like a great fire among the redwoods before it came up from their midst, but now all the canyon was flooded with its light. The trail, which Mal had been straining her eyes to see through the darkness, now showed clearly where it came from a thick growth of chaparral, and she watched its stretch across the clearing more earnestly than ever. She had not long to wait, for soon the man for whom she was looking issued from the brush. He was on horseback, and a riderless horse followed him. At the center of the clearing he stopped and discharged a small revolver.

Mal's heart leaped. "All is right," she

said slowly to herself; but her conscience told her all was wrong, and she burst into sobs.

"Poor dad, he'll never take me back—en Ben, en Jim. Oh, I know he'll never do it! But if he don't," she said between her teeth, "I've seen folks die, en, en——" But a pair of strong arms were around her, and that voice which had led her so far was calling her his Mal, his sweet Mal, his little Mal, and asking her if tears were all she had for him.

Her arms sought his neck, and she begged him not to be angry. "I won't cry no more," she said imploringly. "Promise never to be angry with me again."

"And now, Mal," he said, "we must be getting out of here. We'll cross the river and stop at Jim's."

"No, no, no," she begged, "not at Jim's. Jim would know something was wrong, en—en, he might *kill* you," she whispered.

"Well, if you can stand it, we'll cross the range and stop in one of the old logging camps tonight. Tomorrow we'll go on to Sonoma, where we can take the cars."

"Oh, I can stand it," she said. "I've been there with dad lots o'times; only *please* don't stop at Jim's."

Her lover was looking at her intently. "Do you know, Mal, you look divine in that coat of mine? I shall have to will it to you," he said with a little laugh. It was a forced laugh, but it was just as sweet to Mal, and when he lifted her into the saddle she clung to his neck until he had kissed her many times, and called her over and over again by all those sweet names that love makes up for its ornaments. Then he threw himself upon his own horse, and in single file, he leading, down into the depths of the canyon they departed.

The trail which they followed had once been used as a log way. On each side rose the giant redwoods, towering high and dark. In the dense part of the forest, where the moon only shone on the higher branches of the trees, they looked like gray crested phantoms. Stirred by the light wind, they seemed to breathe a sigh as Mal passed beneath them; and Mal answered them with a sigh from her own heart.

Among these trees had been her home. Their every sound and look, in pleasant and fearful weather, she knew; and now she was leaving them—was it forever?

Shortly they came to the old logging camp, where she had spent so many happy hours watching the huge logs thin themselves out into lumber, and seeing the great saw spin round and round. Perhaps some of that very lumber which she had seen cut had gone to the city to help build *his* house, the house which he had told her was to be hers. Thus she thought on, until leaving the camp they descended into the creek bed, and followed on down toward the river. They could hear it rippling over the stones at the crossing.

Then they passed Jim's. It was so strange, she thought, to go by Jim's without stopping; Jim, who had rescued her from drowning when she had attempted to cross to his cabin during the rising of the river, the fall before; Jim, who was almost as dear as her own father, and so much gentler; Jim, who loved *her* so.

"Jim!" she called aloud.

Her lover halted, startled at the sudden cry, and came to her.

"I didn't mean to do that," she said. "It came out—I couldn't help it. I was thinking so much of him, and wishing I might just say good by to him, that it slipped out all of a sudden."

A mile beyond Jim's they came into the trail again, just where it commenced its upward climb into the redwoods of the coast range. An hour later, at the edge of the woods of El Diablo, they reached the cabin where they were to spend the night. Here they dismounted, and Mal's lover led the horses into the brush, while she, not the least afraid, pushed open the door of the dark and vacant hut.

There was a close and stifling odor within, from the old and musty straw scattered over the bunk in the corner. A wild cat jumped out through the window. Mal gave a little start. She sat down on the edge of the rude bunk, and looked out to the brush, where she could see her lover loosening the saddle girths. Once more she thought of her home, far back at the head of the Russian River. That dear old river—how it pained her to leave its soft ripple and its blue, clear waters, and her "dad," and Jim, and her brothers. Thoughts of them all came surging up from her heart. She hid her face in her hands, and burst into sobs. So long as *he* was with her she was happy; but alone, how troubled she grew!

Some shakes had been torn from the

roof of the cabin, and through the opening a little moonlight fell upon her. When she raised her face it was very white. The hood had partially fallen from her head, and one of her locks of ruddy hair had shaken itself loose from the knot into which it had been tied, and had slipped down upon her shoulder. Her lover kissed her when he came. Then all was changed, and her heart leaped with joy.

"You are not sorry, my sweet one, you came, are you?" he said to her tenderly.

She looked up at him. "Why do you always think I'm sorry? I *ain't* sorry; only dad—dad 'll miss me, and I know he'll never take me back," she said; "en Jim—Jim 'll miss me too."

"I am afraid you are getting tired of *my* love," he said.

"No, no, no, I'm not, I'm not. I won't speak of them again. I won't, I won't," she cried, clinging closer to him and trying to stop the heavy sobs which *would* come, even when he had told her, all over again, how much she was to him. "En you'll marry me when we get to the city, won't you?" she asked.

But he turned his head away, and she could not see the look that came into his face.

"My dear Mal, why do you cry so? You know I love you. Rest your head here and go to sleep. I will wake you when it's light."

So, with a sigh, her head dropped upon his shoulder, and Mal went to sleep.

The moon had risen a little higher. It shone full upon Mal's face, and her lover kissed her. "One would almost take her for a man in this coat of mine," he said to himself, "but how sweet her face is;" and another caress told him how sweet, indeed, it was.

\* \* \* \*

A cool breeze had sprung up from the coast, and was bringing a heavy fog with it. For some time Mal's lover watched it, through a break in the trees, as it came rolling in over the range and settled down in a cloud over the Russian River valley. Then he must have fallen asleep; but only for a moment. He woke with a little start, and under the impression that he had heard voices. He listened. The wind was stirring the dead leaves and moaning among the trees. Was it only the wind he had heard? Gently he laid Mal down upon the bunk, and drew the hood around her face. He stepped to the window and listened again.

Still there was only the sound of the

wind. Yet he was sure he had heard other voices than those of the forest. Yes, he was right. Presently there came to him the sound of crackling brush. Some one was coming. Yes, now he caught a glimpse of some half dozen horsemen on the trail.

"God! Her father's horse and Jim's," he breathed. "They're after me; they'll lynch me if they catch me!"

He glanced hastily at Mal, kissed her softly—it must be his last, he knew—then out through the door, into the chaparral, upon his horse, and away.

The men coming up the trail heard him crash through the brush in the distance, but thought it some fleeing deer, startled at their approach.

A little distance from the cabin, the men halted and dismounted. Their leader was Mal's father. He went softly to the window and looked in. The figure in the black coat caught his eye. Fury seized him at the thought that it was the abductor of his child. It was all he cared for, to have his vengeance upon *him*. He did not look to see if Mal was there too. He did not think of her. His passion for revenge had mastered him.

He beckoned to the men. There were six of them. They crept stealthily through the open door, Jim and Mal's father a little in advance of the rest. For one moment they hesitated, then threw the heavy gunny sack about the sleeping figure, and drew it tight around the feet and neck with ropes. It was quickly done. There was a half smothered cry, a brief struggle, and the men bore their burden away into the redwoods.

The moon hid itself behind some dark clouds. The foggy winds ceased sobbing among the trees, and all the voices of the deep forest were hushed. By the sound of a distant whistle they knew it was near morning.

A few yards from the trail they stopped. A rope was run up over the projecting limb of a huge tree, and its noose passed to Jim to fasten. The others knelt upon the struggling, prostrate figure to quiet it. With a quick jerk, Jim loosened the cords that had held the sack close about the shoulders and neck, and slipped the noose over in their stead.

"A'ready," he breathed. The men got off the body. There was a sound as of rope

running over hard bark, and Jim and Mal's father lifted the figure to standing posture.

A moment the men hesitated. For an instant the noose slackened its grip. Life and sense and thought rushed back to Mal with that breath, and the stillness of the redwoods awoke to the shriek of her voice calling, "Jim! Jim! Jim!"

The figure in the sack fell heavily to the ground. The terror of the woman's voice came over the men. They stood speechless. Again Mal called. But it was only a moan—"Jim, Jim!"

Now they bestirred themselves. They tore open the sack, and freed Mal from the cloak and the smothering hood. Jim knelt to hold her.

"And he, where is he? He, your man?" they shouted.

Mal shook her head.

One of the men spoke up excitedly: "The crackling brush we heard! He saw us, he was off. We can—"

But without the words the fact had communicated itself to them. They were mounted in a moment, and off down the trail, Jim alone remaining with Mal.

The two listened to the mad clatter of hoofs over the stony trail until they died away in the distance. Jim was still kneeling by the girl's side. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Did yo' love him so, girl?" he said.

But Mal only gripped his arm tightly and leaned forward to listen more intently.

"He may get away, girl, he may. Do yo' hope he will?"

Mal looked at the man.

"Jim," she said firmly, "they must get him; they must kill him. I hate him—he ran away!"

But even now Mal's lover lay in the road a mile down the trail—dead; though not by the vengeance of those who sought to kill him. Fast to his boot were a stirrup and a broken strap; the saddle he had had no time to tighten had turned in his mad race for life, and he had been dragged over the rocks of El Diablo. The men found him as morning broke, gray and dull, through the white, damp fog that was coming in thicker and thicker among the redwoods. Like a shroud for the dead came the fleecy clouds, and wrapping their mantle of white about the great trees obliterated all before them.

*Jerome Case Bull.*



## THE MAKERS OF OUR POPULAR SONGS.

*The men and women who write the "catchy" ballad music of the hour—The wonderful vogue of a successful song, and the money and reputation it brings to its author.*

THE wonderful successes occasionally scored by popular songs have to a remarkable degree stimulated the ambition of American composers of this class of music during the past decade.

Another reason for the rapid increase of song writers is the element of speculation involved in their calling. It is, in its way, as fascinating as horse racing or dealing in stocks. To be sure, the chances of success



H. W. Petrie.

*From a photograph by Fredricks, New York.*

Never, perhaps, have so many really meritorious songs been before the public as now. Besides the financial reward which follows fast in the path of a successful popular song, a certain dignity is attached to the composer. His name becomes familiar to the public from constant repetition in the daily papers, and in various ways he attains a standing that is at once encouraging and flattering.

are very small, not more than one song in two hundred proving a remunerative investment to the composer and publisher, and the vast majority never emerging from the manuscript stage.

It is now about fifty years since the inception of song writing as a trade or profession in America. There had been popular ballads prior to that time, but the industry began to take definite

form and shape with the work of Stephen G. Foster. As a composer of purely melodious songs Foster has never had an equal in this country. It was he who conceived



Charles K. Harris.  
From a photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.

the infinitely plaintive air that has become world famous as "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," and his other compositions of a like character have been rivaled for sweetness and beauty by few of the melodies written since his death. Among his contemporaries and followers are John R. Thomas, Will S. Hays, James Stewart, Henry Tucker, Henry C. Work, George Root, Charles A. White, J. F. Mitchell, Frank Howard, W. J. Scanlan, Harry Kennedy, and Harrison Millard. Many of them are dead, and others have retired from the field of song writing, but their places are filled and new names are constantly added to the list.

In the front rank of successful composers is Monroe H. Rosenfeld, the originator of some of the most tuneful of popular songs. His creation of the beautiful song "With All Her Faults I Love Her Still," first

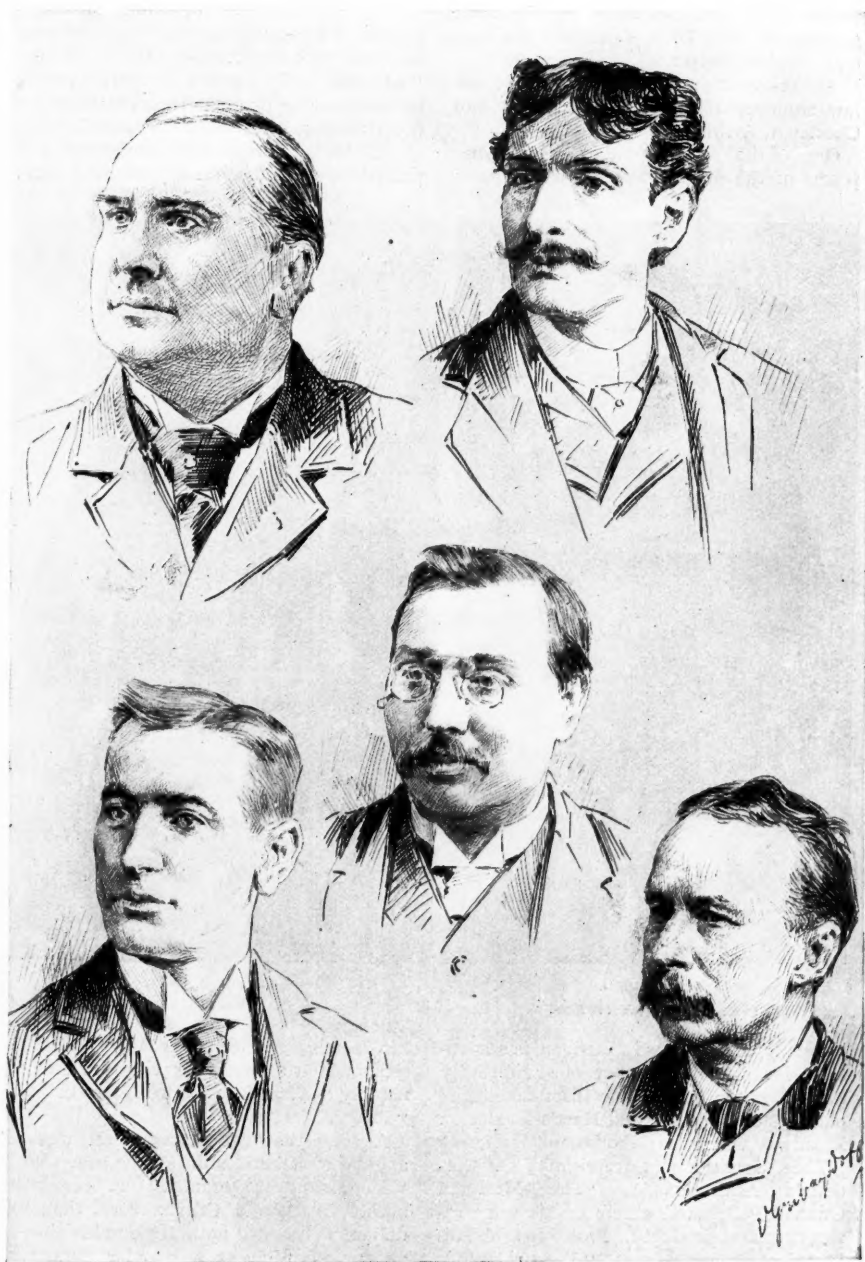
brought him to the public's notice, and his reputation has been increased by his later productions, which include such well known oddities as "Johnnie, Get Your Gun," "Hush, Little Baby, Don't You Cry," "The Song of the Steeple," and a wide range of popular marches and eccentric dances. He has an unusually accurate perception of the public taste, and has won not only pecuniary success, but a reputation as a graceful, prolific, and versatile composer. He was born in 1861, in Richmond, Virginia, where he drank in the inspiration which has made his negro melodies popular.

It would be a difficult matter to decide whether the lyrical element or the music is the greater factor in the success of a song, but it is probable that a happy combination of both produces the desired result. Perhaps the best known writer of popular lyrics in America at the present time is George Cooper. He wrote the words of "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," "Sweet Genevieve," "Must We Then Meet as Strangers?" "The



Robert Coverley.

"Little Church Around the Corner," "See That My Grave's Kept Green," and a thousand other songs that have been sung all over the civilized world. He is the author of two volumes of poems, and some of his



A QUINTET OF POPULAR SONG WRITERS.

Paul Dresser.

Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

William B. Gray

Felix McGlennon.

George Cooper.

verses have been set to music by such geniuses as Abt, Thomas, Millard, Wallace, and Stephen Foster. Cooper was born in New York in 1840, and commenced life as a law student in the law office of the late Chester A. Arthur.

One of the most popular living composers of the day is Dave Braham, who in

the Ball." Since the appearance of "Marguerite," some fifteen years ago, no song has had such a wide sale. It is said that "After the Ball" has had the almost unprecedented sale of over a million copies, and it is certain that it has made Charles K. Harris of Milwaukee, its author, composer, and publisher, an independently wealthy man.



Harry Pepper.

*From a photograph by Moreno, New York.*



Edward B. Marks.

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

company with Edward Harrigan is responsible for a great number of delightfully tuneful songs. He made his name in the old days of Harrigan and Hart's theater on Broadway, where the elaborate musical farces "The Squatter's Sovereignty," "Cordelia's Aspirations," "The Mulligan Guards' Ball," and others of the same series were first produced. Probably Braham's best known melody is "Paddy Duffy's Cart," which has been adopted by collegians, is found in their song books, and is used by their glee clubs.

The most striking illustration of the good fortune that may fall to the composer's lot if his creation strikes the popular fancy, is afforded by the enormous success of "After

Mr. Harris has since produced several other songs which are meeting with much favor, notably "While The Dance Goes On" and "Fifty Years Ago."

A song that has attracted an unusual amount of attention during the past year is "The Volunteer Organist." It brought its author, William B. Gray, several thousand dollars, and added not a little to his already good reputation as a popular composer. Mr. Gray was born in Peekskill on the Hudson in 1867, of Scotch parents, and is one of the youngest and most promising writers of the day.

The popular song of the hour is an unusually pretty and tuneful bit of work. It has seemingly won its way to the hearts of

the great American public, and is therefore likely to prove a bonanza. It is entitled "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," and stands preëminent as indicative of the birth of a new era in song writing. It is perhaps the most strikingly original ditty of its kind, and its success has been phenomenal, it having already reached, in the West alone, the marvelous sale of fifty thousand copies. Its author, H. W. Petrie, is the creator of several other original songs for children which are rapidly finding their way into public appreciation. He is a native of Bloomington, Illinois, is thirty five years of age, and commenced life as a short-hand writer. His future as a composer promises to be a brilliant one.

Paul Dresser, the author of "The Letter That Never Came," is so well known to the musical public that no extended comment on his work and his personality seems necessary. Among his many successes may be mentioned "Here Lies an Actor," "I Believe It, for My Mother Told Me So," "The Pardon Came Too Late," "The Ships That Pass in the Night," "I Can't Believe Her Faithless," and others equally well known.



Effie Canning.

From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.



Josephine Gro.

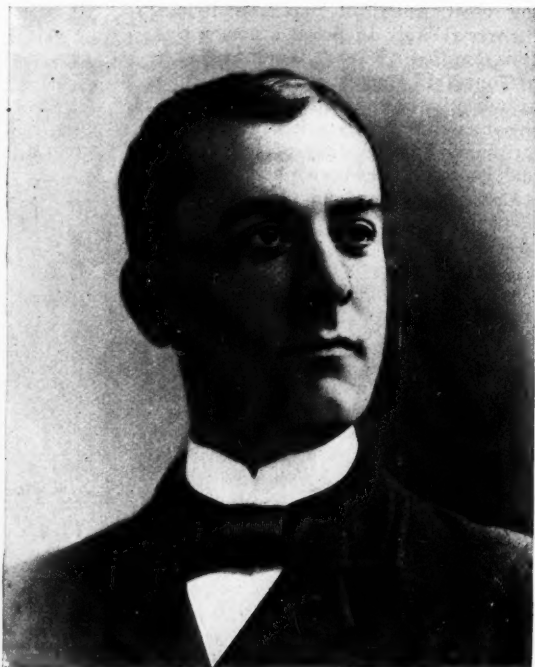
From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.

It is remarkable that women have not come prominently to the front in song writing, but it is a fact that the very great majority of popular composers are men. The few women that are engaged in this line of work are usually on the stage, and able to use their own creations. To Josephine Gro, however, comic opera, farce, and the vaudeville stage are indebted for many a tuneful song and dance. The negro song "Buzz, Little Bee," sung by the late Annie Pixley, is one of her successes. Her latest production is entitled "The Sultan's Guard." It is dedicated to the Sultan of Turkey, and has been played by the royal band at Constantinople. Mrs. Gro is a resident of New York City, and one of the youngest song writers of the day.

It is noticeable that nearly all the most suc-

successful composers are comparatively young men, and one of the youngest and most ambitious is Robert Coverley. He has not confined himself exclusively to song writing, but has ventured into the field of orchestral composition. The songs that have brought him both money and reputation are of a classical character, and are entitled "For Love's Sake," "Ask Thine Heart Again," and "Love for Love." He was born in Portugal, thirty years ago, and received his musical education in London.

A very tuneful melody which has had a wide vogue in America during the past year, "The Little Lost Child," is the work of Edward B. Marks, a young writer of New York. The motive of the song is an original one, and it has had a large sale, netting the author nearly \$15,000. Another of this composer's successes is called "December and May."



Raymon Moore.

Herman Perlét has a field far wider than the somewhat restricted one of song writing.



Herman Perlét.

He is a thorough musician and a master of harmony and orchestration, and has done good work along the lines of light opera and burlesque. To him the public is indebted for much of the tuneful music of "1492," though the score was credited to another man. His opera "The Dragoon's Daughter," produced this year, deserved a success which it did not achieve, owing to those two horrors of a composer, an inefficient librettist and a refractory "star." He must be credited with "Love, Sweet Love" and "I Wonder," both of which have been very favorably received in Europe, as well as in this country. Among song writers Mr. Perlét has probably no superior so far as a thorough knowledge of music is concerned. He was born in 1862 in Strasburg, Alsace, and is probably the youngest orchestral conductor in America.

It will be necessary to allude

in this connection to a foreign composer, because of his great popularity in this country. Felix McGlennon, author of "Comrades," has produced a larger number of successful songs than any of our American writers, and the general character of his work is exceptionally high. Among his best songs are "That Is Love," "He Never Cares to

"Sweet Marie" was sung through the length and breadth of the land a year or so ago, and even now is said to be having a steady sale. Moore found himself advanced suddenly from the position of a minstrel tenor to that of a popular composer, and he has turned out several other good songs in the last few months.



Percy Gaunt.

Wander from His Own Fireside," "The Ship I Love," and "To Err Is Human, To Forgive Divine."

That wonderful record breaker for long runs, "A Trip to Chinatown," was the means of bringing several songs before the public which have since attained great popularity. Not only was "After the Ball" first heard in this bright little farce, but some of the productions of Percy Gaunt, now national favorites, also originated there. "The Bowery," "Push Dem Clouds Away," and "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," are his best three songs, and on them is founded a reputation which extends from Maine to California.

It seems remarkable that three songs should be sufficient to establish a composer's standing and bring him money and fame, but it required even less to make Raymon Moore known to the whole country. His

Harry Pepper, the tenor and old time ballad composer, has a great advantage over the majority of song writers in being his own publisher. His work is of the sentimental or emotional order, and he ranks as one of the best ballad singers in America. He is best known for his "Jennie," "Tell Me That You Love Me," and "When Shall I Call Thee Mine?"

Among other song writers of the present day may be mentioned Charles Graham, author of "Two Little Girls in Blue;" J. Joseph Goodwin; Walter P. Keen, author of "American Tears;" Joseph P. Skelly, author of "The Old Rustic Bridge by the Mill," and "She Gave Me a Pretty Red Rose;" Arthur Trevelyan, Will H. Fox, Charles Lawler, James Thornton, Robert A. Keiser, and Effie Canning, whose portrait appears on page 293, and who wrote the familiar "Rock-a-Bye, Baby."

Ernest Jarrold.



## *The Fisher Boats.*

### I.

THE boats sail into the break of day,  
Out into the day they sail ;  
The sullen clouds in the sky are gray,  
And the winds they sob and wail ;  
Oh, the winds they sob to the fisher folk,  
And the sea is loath to give ;  
But calm or blow, the boats must go,  
That the fisher folk may live.

### II.

Back into the night the boats return,  
Into the gathering night ;  
And the homeward bows the whitecaps spurn,  
And turn them to left and right ;  
Oh, the boats come back to the waiting ones,  
And the boding hearts grow bold,  
For work or play the hearts grow gay  
With the gift the sea has doled.

*Frank H. Sweet.*

## THE STAGE

"TEN years ago the law would have stepped in and prevented the giving of many of the plays which are accepted to-day." So says actor Crane, and without doubt he is right. The only consolation we have in the premises is the fact that the

fad—for it is nothing more, fortunately—is passing away. The success of Mr. Crane's new comedy, Martha Morton's "His Wife's Father," would prove this, were there no other straws stirred by the breeze of purification.



Anne O'Neill.

*From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*



Sarah Bernhardt as "Gismonda."

From a photograph by Nadar, Paris.

We present a portrait of Anne O'Neill, Mr. Crane's leading woman, who does so much to infuse a delightful sprightliness into *Nell Billings*, a part that in less competent hands might easily border on the lachrymose. Miss O'Neill, who is a Brooklyn girl, looked forward to a teacher's career; but some six years ago, while she was still going to school, Richard Mansfield offered her an opportunity to go on as a "lay figure" in the supper scene of "A Parisian Romance." She accepted, and finding the stage preferable to the school room, decided to stick to it. But there was no opening for her in Mr. Mansfield's

company, so when an offer came from a manager in quite another field, Miss O'Neill felt that it would not be wise to refuse it, and joined Mr. Harrigan's forces, with whom she gained a wide experience, if not any great measure of fame.

It would seem that there must be many stepping stones between Harrigan and the elder Salvini, but Miss O'Neill passed directly from one to the other. We next find her with young Sothorn, from whom she came to Crane. With the latter she has played *Mabel Denman* in "The Senator," and has originated parts in all the comedies he has brought out since. She

was the *Anne Page* in the luckless revival of "The Merry Wives." In "His Wife's Father" she appears for the first time as leading woman of the company.

\* \* \* \*

WE are to have Sarah Bernhardt with us again next season. It is to be hoped she

was made for the benefit of a British reporter, but then Mme. Bernhardt would presumably have had the courtesy to evade a reply if the question had been asked her in any other country. She continued thus:

"They always told me that you English were cold, but it is absolutely false. I can



Edna Wallace Hopper.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

will not tell the newspaper reporters that she loves American audiences above all others, because we should like to believe her too great an artist to descend to insincerity. She is in print as asserting that she prefers to play before an English house, next in her order of choice being an American assemblage. This statement, to be sure,

draw more tears from an English audience than from any other. The French, Italians, and other Latin races generally look upon me as an artist and when I act they are critically examining my technique. The English, on the contrary, open their hearts to the spirit of the play. Once moved, they think no longer of me except as the



Madge Lessing.

*From a photograph.—Copyright, 1894, by J. Schloss, New York.*

person uttering words which are moving them strongly. They drink in, as it were, the very essence of the piece, and are driven to tears like children. Oh, I love to play before an English audience; once they have opened their hearts to you and shown a little emotion, they are your friends forever after."

Mme. Bernhardt opens at Daly's London theater, May 27, for a four weeks' engagement in "Gismonda."

\* \* \* \*

ONE must go far afield to find a more effective couple for comedy purposes than big De Wolf Hopper and his tiny wife,

Edna Wallace. Unlike so many small people, who endeavor to make up in deportment what they lack in inches, Mrs. Hopper does not strive to be dignified. Her impersonation of the school girl in "Dr. Syntax" is as natural as the real article could possibly be. When one has met her personally, there is no longer wonder over this, for off the stage she is much the same light hearted, happy tempered little woman as when she treads the comic opera boards.

Mrs. Hopper is a California girl, and before she married into her present engagement she played with Roland Reed and as

a member of the Empire Theater stock company.

\* \* \* \*

BLANCHE WALSH is now in her twenty first year. She has certainly accomplished much in her short experience. But she was

she began her stage career, going on the road with the "Siberia" company.

\* \* \* \*

NEW YORK has indorsed Boston's verdict on "Trilby." Wondering exclamations of amazement at the reverent touch with



Blanche Walsh.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

ambitious from the first, having told her father—who was then warden of the Tombs—that she would be a second Charlotte Cushman. Her *Diana Stockton* in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy" was a finished impersonation of a difficult rôle. Since then she has played the principal part in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and is now leading woman with Nat Goodwin.

She was but little more than sixteen when

which the story has been handled are heard on every side. The Garden Theater is thronged as even burlesque and extravaganza failed to crowd it, and the metropolis, so far as its taste in the dramatic line goes, is redeeming itself.

Messrs. Potter and Palmer deserve to be congratulated. Each arrived at the "Trilby" test with a failure scored against him—Mr. Potter with his "Victoria Cross," pro-



Nellie Campbell.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

duced by Mr. Sothern, and Mr. Palmer with Augustus Thomas' "New Blood." The former has stooped to not a single theatrical trick in turning the novel into a play, while the latter selected, to create the well known characters, a company so neatly fitted to their tasks that there has been scarcely a dissonant note in all the critics' comment.

Where every one is so excellent it seems almost unfair to single out individuals, but, as it happens, one can group the five who would be nearest Du Maurier's heart, just as they come, one after the other, on the

program: *The Laird*, John Glendinning; *Little Billee*, Alfred Hickman; *Svengali*, Wilton Lackaye; *Gecko*, Robert Paton Gibbs; *Zou Zou*, Leo Dietrichstein. This order is in no wise indicative of the respective abilities of the actors. Mr. Lackaye, with his great character part, really dominates the piece. The most difficult of the five rôles is that of *Little Billee*, as it is perfectly "straight," in the player's parlance. But Mr. Hickman exercises a due amount of repression in leading up to his one strong scene in the third act, which he carries out marvelously well.



Isabel Irving.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

The *Trilby* of Virginia Harned is a fine conception, although differing considerably from the ideal readers of the book have in mind. Her rendering of the hypnotic condition is done with admirable skill.

\* \* \* \*

PALMER and Rice have parted company, but Mr. Palmer retains "Little Christopher," which appears to possess just about the requisite quantity of brightness to carry it to an unlimited number of performances. Whether "The Mimic World" will prove a

formidable rival it is at the present writing too early to predict. This is Canary & Lederer's successor to "The Passing Show," which has gone especially well in Chicago. We give a portrait of Madge Lessing, who has been playing in this theatrical review during the past season.

Miss Lessing came from London six years ago to be a chorus girl at Koster & Bial's. She remained in that humble position only a week, being promoted at one step to the title rôle in the burlesque "Belle



Maxine Elliott.

*From a photograph by Dupont, New York.*

Helène." Her next engagement was with the Solomon Opera Company. Then came her appearance in "The Passing Show."

\* \* \* \*

DANIEL FROHMAN closed his season at the Lyceum unusually early this year, on the 27th of April, the last play being Fred Horner's "Fortune," which did not

bring to the box office the commodity whose name it bore. The company will rest until the middle of June, when they start for the Pacific coast, opening in Spokane about the first of July, in repertoire. En route they will be treated to a tour through the Yellowstone Park.

"We anticipate a delightful trip," said

Miss Irving, the leading woman, in the course of a chat for MUNSEY'S. "I do not know of any association of players who have a better time together. You want me to tell you how I came to go on the stage? No, it was not through any influence with manager or actor that I secured an opening. I had always been fond of the theater, and when Rosina Vokes was playing at the Standard, which was then under the management of John Duff, I did a singular thing.

"Glancing over the papers, one morning, I looked at the advertisements of Daly's, Palmer's, and the Standard. I determined to write to one of the three, asking if there was an opportunity for me to act with the company. Why my choice fell on Mr. Duff I cannot say, but it did, and in due course I received a reply, asking me to call at the theater. Mr. Duff received me very kindly, but appeared rather surprised to find that I supposed the company playing at his house was his own.

"'Besides,' he added, 'I think you are rather young.'

"'Well,' I answered, nothing daunted, 'if you don't give me an opportunity, I shall go on applying to every manager in the country, and when I have exhausted the list, I shall be quite old enough.'

"Mr. Duff seemed struck by this reply and suggested that I should see Miss Vokes. I called and had a brief interview, only to learn that there was no opening with her company just then. But one day I received a telegram asking me to come to the theater that evening to see a play in which she wished me to appear the very next night. I followed instructions, and made my debut as *Gwendolin Hawkins* in 'The School-mistress.' Luckily I am a quick study, so I got through without a mistake. Miss Vokes engaged me for the road, and thus I obtained my first footing on the stage."

Later, Miss Irving joined Daly's forces and remained with them for six years, playing a wide range of important parts. She lives in New York with her mother and sister. She has no fads, unless a great fondness for reading be one, and the stage still possesses for her today the charm that first attracted her to it. Her favorite rôle is *Dorothea March* in "A Woman's Silence."

\* \* \* \* \*

MAXINE ELLIOTT is another artist whose career has surely little in it to discourage stage struck maidens. Brought up in a Maine family, as thoroughly imbued with all New England prejudices as their neighbors, Miss Elliott, about four years ago,

conceived the idea of becoming an actress. In much the same way as did Miss Irving with Mr. Duff, she went to Mr. Palmer. He looked her over, saw that she would be able to wear to advantage the clothes of a rôle he had in mind, and gave her a small part in Mr. Willard's company. She had had no previous experience whatever; she was to gain it all now.

But nature had been very kind to her. Endowed with rare beauty, she is also of commanding height, and has a voice peculiarly rich and full in its intonations. From Willard she went for a brief stay with the disastrous "Voyage of Suzette," and later we find her again at the American Theater as *Kate Malcolm* in "Sister Mary," as shown in our illustration. Last fall came a step higher—an engagement with Rose Coghlan to play ingenue rôles. Then it was that she fell under the notice of Mr. Daly, who secured her in January to create the title part in "Heart of Ruby."

Miss Elliott emerged triumphant from the direful failure of that Japanese idyl, and with her *Sylvia* in "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and her *Hermia* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" she has firmly established herself in the affections of the Daly clientage. In the road company she is to play Miss Rehan's parts, and she is looking forward with all the ingenuousness of a girl to her first London season.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE Kendals have given their second series of farewell performances in America, and it will not be rash to predict that there will be no third one, however many be the precedents for such an apparently paradoxical proceeding. The United States eagle no longer lays golden eggs for this "happy pair." It may be some consolation for them to reflect that it was their own policy in regard to one unfortunate play in their repertory, and not any diminution of the public's appreciation of their high standing as players, that has led to this result.

Our portrait of Nellie Campbell shows the ingenue of the Kendal company. She is twenty two, and has been with the Kendals since she was seventeen.

"Mrs. Kendal has practically taught me all I know," she says gratefully.

One of Miss Campbell's happiest rôles is that of *Betty Noel*, in "Lady Clancarty."

\* \* \* \* \*

IN Richard Mansfield's Garrick Theater New Yorkers possess a playhouse that appeals to the fashionable element among them without debasing the art that administers to it. What was formerly Harrigan's

home of Hibernian farce has been remodeled into an exquisite temple of the romantic drama. From the neatly framed engravings, that adorn the lobby walls, to the women's drawing room, down stairs, with the fountain, rockery, and ices, the environment of the place is at once unique and exquisitely tasteful. A line on the program announces that "the Garrick Theater is dedicated to the young people of New York." MUNSEY'S will feel it a matter of deep regret if they fail to rally to the support of an enterprise so thoroughly worthy of it.

The house was auspiciously opened on April 23, Shakspeare's birthday, with Bernard Shaw's capital comedy, "Arms and the Man." Mr. Mansfield has often referred to what he would like to do if he had a theater of his own. One thing he has done already in the Garrick which may be accepted as a carrying out of a portion, at least, of these good intentions. When a candle is blown out on the stage, the scene is darkened at once, and a like promptness is observed in every case where the lighting is changed. The delay or anticipation of a second or two in a matter of this sort may seem a small affair, but the absence of any delay or anticipation whatever is the guarantee Mr. Mansfield has given that he will tolerate nothing but the best possible management of stage business down to the smallest detail.

The policy of the Garrick, so far as the works to be presented are concerned, is outlined in a statement announcing that "plays which are more poetic than realistic, stories of romance and of heroism, of valor and of true love, will be most welcome here." A noble aim, surely, and Mr. Mansfield has the company and the house just suited for such a repertoire. New York now possesses the opportunity to show that she is capable of holding up the hands of the man who will dare to devote his stage solely to those productions that embody the good, the true, and the beautiful in Shakspeare's art.

\* \* \* \*

Roof gardens have developed into New York's summer theaters. Originally started as a cool lounging spot for midsummer evenings, where one could sit at one's ease and drink and smoke and chat with friends while listening to a band of not too intrusive instruments, the roof garden of today is nothing more nor less than an open air playhouse devoted to variety.

Rudolph Aronson, of the Casino, was the first to inaugurate the hot weather roof concert, and for several years he enjoyed a

monopoly of the field. He might have enjoyed that monopoly still, had he only found out in time that it was possible to have his idea patented. As it was, he ascertained this fact just four months too late, as the law requires such patent to be taken out within the first two years after the inauguration of a novel enterprise.

This year the Casino roof will open about the first of June, with the bronze statues and snow ballet as special attractions on an enlarged stage.

The Madison Square was the second roof garden in the metropolis, and the first to enter the vaudeville field. Its opening night for the present season is June 3. For the past two months it has been used as a bicycle riding school.

Koster & Bial will close their music hall and open their roof garden June 10. This is the largest garden of the sort in the city, and is to be entirely remodeled for the present season, by the addition of thirty two boxes and the enlargement of the stage, so that a complete variety performance may be given. The management announces that there will be no Sunday performances.

At the present writing the roof of the American Theater hangs fire, so to speak. Mr. French does not care for the trouble of managing it himself, as the theater will close June 6, and a lessee has not yet been found. Last summer Carmencita danced here before great crowds, and without doubt this fourth in the list of New York's aerial gardens will again be in the field.

Overtopping all the roof gardens of the metropolis is the one that crowns the towering Masonic Temple, in Chicago. Here there is given a vaudeville entertainment on the coöperative plan, the performers alternating between the Masonic Temple, the Schlitz Park in Milwaukee, and the garden on the Union Trust building, St. Louis. It is stated that only by this combination of management could the star "artists" of the variety stage be tempted away from New York, where there is always the chance of their being engaged for the long winter season by some one of the agencies whose headquarters are here.

The opening attraction at Rice's Manhattan Theater, Coney Island, is "1492," with a good portion of the original cast. Managers will watch with interest the outcome of this experiment of a summer playhouse by the sea. The wisdom of closing the city music halls during the heated term has already been made plain to them. The theater at Manhattan Beach is in the nature of a compromise.

A compromise of the same sort in the city itself is found in Terrace Garden, with its auditorium open on one side to the outer air. The Ferenczy company, from Hamburg, already famous here for their spirited rendering of comic opera, are booked for the summer season with two new and successful works, one by the author of the ever popular "Vogelhaendler."

\* \* \* \*

By the time this number is in the hands of the reader, the verdict on De Koven and Smith's new comic opera will have been registered, as it is scheduled for production at Abbey's Theater by Lillian Russell in the middle of May. It is not so happily named as their two previous successes. The pronunciation of "Tzigane" will be a stumbling block to a good many people, but in this case simplicity of nomenclature has been sacrificed to a picturesque locale. The scene is laid in Russia in the year 1812, which affords an opportunity for the introduction of Napoleonic matter. There is a resplendent ice palace in the second act, with a torchlight dance, and the third includes a ballet and brings a military band upon the stage. Lillian Russell is *Vera*, a gipsy girl (the Tzigane), and De Angelis and Joseph Herbert are the comedians.

"The Tzigane" is the last production of the present season at Abbey's, which will reopen in the fall with Francis Wilson and his new opera, "The Chieftain." This is by Arthur Sullivan and F. C. Burnand, and an interesting coincidence will lie in the fact that there will be playing at the same time, at the Broadway Theater, W. S. Gilbert's "His Excellency," written in conjunction with F. Osmond Carr.

The present season at the Broadway will end with the engagement of Camille d'Arville, who came to the Bijou Theater in February for a three weeks' stay, and has not been able to get away from New York since. Her new opera, "The Daughter of the Revolution," is by Goodwin and Englander. Cheever Goodwin and Harry B. Smith appear to have cornered the American libretto market. Mr. Smith, in addition to his collaboration with Reginald de Koven, has written the book for "The Wizard," the new opera with which Victor Herbert, composer of "Prince Ananias," has supplied Frank Daniels.

\* \* \* \*

THE third season of the Empire Theater, the home of Charles Frohman's stock company, is scheduled to close May 18. The last new production was Oscar Wilde's farce, "The Importance of Being Earnest," a biz-

arre and rollicking satire on society, capital-ly acted by the clever people who have been seen all winter in far different environment. Revivals were given in the three closing weeks, a notable feature in the list being R. C. Carton's "Liberty Hall," one of the most truly charming dramas ever written.

The Empire will reopen in August with "The City of Pleasure," a melodrama from the French. This will be followed by John Drew, and later will come Olga Nethersole, who will remain till the beginning of the regular stock season, early in December. Then the first production will be Bronson Howard's new comedy. Next fall Charles Frohman will have half a dozen attractions playing simultaneously at as many New York theaters, and in Boston he will manage a regular stock company at the Museum. All this in addition to his dozen or more organizations on the road.

At first thought it seems stupendous that one man should control so much talent, but the nature of the business almost necessitates the retention of several irons in the fire. Nowadays the manager of a single attraction is the exception. The risk is too tremendous to permit a sagacious man to embark all his treasures in one argosy. The failure of a play means an immense loss; if this cannot be counterbalanced by a success achieved elsewhere, the play producer must go to the wall, unless he has unusually strong backing.

\* \* \* \*

THERE are critics galore to find fault with the acting behind the footlights, and not a few to quarrel with the management on account of the acoustics or the seating arrangements in front of them, but there appears to be no censor for what goes on just above them. The other night the writer was present at an excellent performance of a fine play in one of the leading stock houses of the metropolis. The climaxes were of that quietly effective nature which goes straight to the spectator's heart, but in three of the acts they were sadly marred by a piece of stage property which proved, on this occasion at least, its right to its name—a "tormentor." The set had been placed too far forward, and each time the curtain descended it pushed this bit of painted hanging aside with a swish that drew all eyes for an instant from the tableau below. Such a jar on the ensemble should have been remedied at once; the fact that it was not shows that no one held himself responsible for this dereliction on what is evidently the debatable ground between stage and auditorium.

# ETCHINGS

## TO TWO LOVES.

IF I would fain in lighter vein  
Address a rondeau to her,  
Or striving yet in triolet  
Or quatrain deftly woo her,  
She casts her eyes upon the ground,  
And asks me if no thought be found  
But gay conceit the whole year round.

If I discern and willing turn  
To grave refrain or sonnet,  
And strive to ring in solemn swing  
The mighty changes on it,  
She shrugs her shoulders, as to say  
"My mood is much too light today,"  
And laughing flirts my heart away.

Beware, coquette! I'll fathom yet  
Beneath your deep eyes' laughter,  
And plaint my woes in sturdy prose,  
Nor think of rhyme hereafter.  
Then love will lead you to confess,  
With your soft eyes (as I impress  
The proper kiss) that longed for "Yes."

OF last year's girls who wandered through  
June's vernal glades beneath the blue,  
Scarce now is one, outside whose pane  
The lover and his lute are fain  
In dainty dalliance to sue.

Now light they trip in gay review;  
I hear their laughter's lilt anew,  
An echo of the old refrain  
Of last year's girls.

Hymen and Cupid leave us few!  
Yet what care I, since one be true?  
Though Stella's honeymoon shall wane  
And Celia wed; if there remain  
Love and my little lady—you!  
Of last year's girls.

*Archibald Douglas.*

## ENTHRALMENT.

A FLASH of crimson, a glimpse of gold,  
Two laughing eyes in a fair young face,  
Only a story centuries old  
Of a heart surrendered to maiden grace.

But never a heart in ages past  
Can know the joy that is mine today,  
Never may dream while centuries last  
Of loving in quite so sweet a way.

Many may sing in lover's fashion  
To golden tresses and eyes of brown,  
But what can they know of depths of passion  
Not knowing Elaine in her crimson gown?

*Ethel M. Kelley.*

## WHILE MANDOLINS TINKLED.

IN her father's box one night we met,  
And I knew as I touched her glove  
That the witching smile I could ne'er forget  
On the lips of my latest love.  
And the mandolin's tender, tinkling trill  
Swept up from the stage below,  
And wooed from my heart the fresh, wild thrill  
That only young love can know.

I watched the light in her sparkling eyes,  
And my heart beat high and fast,  
For I knew with a tremulous, strange surprise  
I had met my love at last.  
But she went her way with a careless word,  
And left me to dream alone,  
With the words I was thinking all unheard,  
And my new born love unknown.

Yet perhaps some night in her little room  
She may happen to read this rhyme,  
And learn in the twilight's brooding gloom  
That I loved her all the time.  
And then I may find with a raptured start  
That I read her eyes aright,  
And that mine was not the only heart  
The mandolins stirred that night!

*Guy Wetmore Carryl.*

## NIGHT.

O HEAVENS, light, light ye your candles,  
Keep watch on the infinite deep!  
Ye shadowy mazes of darkness,  
Down, down for earth's coverlet creep!  
And softly, O night winds, blow softly;  
Waft, waft us the angel of sleep!

*Catharine Young Glen.*

## A MINIATURE.

O FACE so fair, set in a rim of pearls,  
The luster of your hair that lightly curls  
Around your forehead, seems more real to-  
night;  
And in your violet eyes the liquid light  
Shines, brimming over with the loves of yore.  
I do recall again the polished floor,  
The stately measure of the minuet;  
And time can never make me quite forget  
How fair you looked at that colonial ball.  
The dim and wax lit vista of the hall  
Shone with a sudden radiance when you came;  
And hearts throbbed quick, and lips breathed  
soft your name.

Why do I seem to see it all again,  
And 'n my heart the passion and the pain  
To feel unbidden rise from out the years?  
Your face grows dim through sudden blur of  
tears;

I lose the scent of roses that you wear,  
And pale seems now the luster of your hair.

*Charles Williams Barnes.*

JUNE DUSK.

SHE leans, with great, dusk roses full of fragrance, toward our faces,  
With her arms full filled with fragrance of the roses, dusk and sweet,  
She fills the mystic twilight and the night time with her graces,  
She brings the night time, dusky, and the world here to her feet!  
She sighs, and all the world is sighing with her, at her sighing,  
She sighs with bliss ecstatic that the night is hers to keep;  
And the roses droop with sleeping, and the lilies pale are lying,  
And the nightingale is mournful, and still forgets to sleep!  
Poor nightingale! that in his chants doth mingle such complaining—  
Such sad complaining, ever, with the pathos of his dreams!  
The world forever wonders whether half his plaint is feigning,  
Or if his soul is really in the sadness of his themes!

She leans her dusky beauty with the dream light in the smiling  
Of her eyes, that are not darker than the shadows at her feet;  
Though there's peace within her posing, there is joy that is beguiling  
In the soft breath coming warmly, than her roses far more sweet;  
And the lucciola flitting o'er the white magnolia flowers,  
And the oleander burning on the whiteness of her throat,  
They are mirrored in the waters that are dimpled with the showers,  
The waters blue as sapphire, where the shadows drift and float!  
Within the leafy coolness of the ilex, the beginning  
Of a lute note, rising slowly, drifts and quivers through the leaves,  
Dropping down the ilex shadows, like a spirit tired of sinning,  
Where, upon the heart of silence, broods the nesting bird, and grieves.

She leans with waxen roses, heavy scented, upward lifted—  
Waxen roses with the language of a silence as of death,  
The wild vines' tangled tendrils o'er her breast have clung and drifted,  
And the languor of the lilies lingers yet upon her breath.  
The stately palms arise in peace beside the silent river,  
The night bird murmurs softly in the gloom above its nest,  
The olives in the moonlight on the mountain heights a-quiver  
Seem still to sigh forever, like the heart of man, for rest.

*Madame Francis Higgins-Glenerne.*

THE TWILIGHT'S SONG.

WHAT is the song that the twilight sings,  
When it hushes the earth child's murmurings  
And fires the shroud that the sunset flings  
O'er the dying light of day?  
What is the wonderful melody  
That folds the flower and lulls the bee  
To sleep and forget his minstrelsy?  
And the song words, what are they?

Each sunset ray is a music bar,  
The notes of the song each evening star,  
And tenderly sweet its measures are  
'Twixt summer's light and dark;  
And the words of the song of the twilight's croon  
Are the silver hush of the silent moon,  
And the verse that the river purls in June  
To the drifting thistle's bark.

*Clay Arthur Pierce.*

MY LADY.

WHEN she doth walk, the common street  
Grows fragrant where her steps do pass,  
As when one treads with careless feet  
On violets hidden in the grass.

And when she speaks, within a land  
Of fair delight doth fancy roam,  
As if on some lone, distant strand,  
To homesick heart came sound of home.

*Mary Elizabeth Blake.*

A BALLADE OF LONGING.

REGNANT, with glitter and glare,  
Dust, and a host of deceits,  
Summer burns red in the air;  
Fever stalks mad through the streets.  
O for the shorewise retreats!  
O for the salt breeze that yields  
Speed to the pleasuring fleets!  
O for the green of the fields!

Down from his zenith-high lair,  
Blaze of the sun lion beats.  
Reeling now here and now there,  
Fever stalks mad through the streets.  
O for a lake's silvern sheets  
Skirted with groves! For deep wealds  
Dowered with resinous sweets!  
O for the green of the fields!

Here in the park by the square  
Stretches a shadow that cheats  
The faint to its sultrier snare;  
Fever stalks mad through the streets.  
O for a wood that repeats  
Bird songs and brook songs, and shields  
Man from these merciless heats!  
O for the green of the fields!

ENVOI.

Scorching each soul that it meets,  
Fever stalks mad through the streets,  
Far from the power it wields,  
O for the green of the fields!

*Edward W. Barnard.*

## LITERARY CHAT

THEY can be silly in Boston as well as in other places. One day last March a Boston man was looking through some old books, when he ran across a French story, long and deservedly out of print, written by Charles Nodier in 1822. It was called "Trilby, the Fairy of Argyle." It was a book that had considerable vogue in its early days, but everybody seemed to have forgotten it.

Two Boston publishers began a childish race to see who could first get it on the market. Each had a translator, who went breathlessly down the pages, turning them into some sort of English; and as they were translated, the sheets were carried to the printer, and the plates were made as soon as the type was set up. Both books were out in a few days, but now that they are, who cares?

Nodier was the librarian of one of the great Paris libraries, a man who wrote several romances, among them "The King of Bohemia," and "Inez of the Sierras." He died in 1844, and his books are almost forgotten. It may be that George du Maurier took the name "Trilby" from this earlier tale, but that has nothing whatever to say to the merits of the story, nor does it in any sense afford the slightest foundation for the silly charge of plagiarism.

\* \* \*

MR. DU MAURIER has followed Thackeray in more than his style. He has put a spice of malicious mischief into his book by using real people for characters, after Thackeray's well known fashion.

The *Grubstreet* of "The Virginians" was Edmund Yates; *Foker*, in "Pendennis" was Andrew Archdehne; *Dr. Portman* was Dr. Cornish; and Bulwer appeared in "The Yellow-plush Papers" as *Bulwig*.

A friend of Thackeray's in the old days says that the chapter of "The Virginians" in which George Washington figures so prominently was not written by Thackeray at all, but by J. P. Kennedy. One night at a dinner Thackeray had been asking Kennedy for all the traditions of Washington that he had heard in Virginia. Kennedy was a Baltimorean, who had written a number of historical books. He began with a statistical account of Washington, told in a complimentary way.

"No, no," Thackeray said; "I want to know if he was a gruff old man, and if he spilled snuff on his waistcoat."

Kennedy agreed to do the Washington chapter. Nowadays, Thackeray's ghost must feel like coming back to earth and revamping "The Virginians," with the abundant material that has been brought to light.

\* \* \*

GEORGE MEREDITH'S connection with America is very seldom spoken of, perhaps because his audience over here is a more limited one

than in England. Meredith's daughter married a son of Russell Sturgis, the Boston banker, and a brother of Julian Sturgis.

Mr. Meredith is vaguely regarded by a great many Americans as a recent English author. Ten years ago his books were never mentioned on this side of the Atlantic, outside of literary circles, where he has always been admired. It seems incredible that "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" was published in the same year as Thackeray's "Virginians"; that Meredith saw Dickens and Thackeray and the American Hawthorne arrives at the heights of fame while his books, which are now so eagerly sought, dropped lifeless from the press. It was not until the appearance of "Diana of the Crossways," in 1885, that the world heard of Meredith, and began to ask who he was.

For many years the author has lived in a beautiful country home at Box Hill, in Surrey, England. He is the reader of a large publishing house, and since Tennyson's death has been president of the Society of English Authors. Mr. Meredith is entirely modern, full of brilliant and clever talk on the problems of the day. He believes, and teaches in his books, that "the way to the spiritual life comes from the complete unfolding of the creature, not in nipping his passions. An outrage to nature helps to extinguish his light."

Perhaps, had success come to Meredith in those early days, he would not now be in the thick of the fight; but it must have been bitter to him to see his own generation die without discovering his greatness; and it is probably a scanty compensation to him to see his books fresh on library tables in brave new editions, while those of his contemporaries lie dusty on the shelves.

\* \* \*

EVERY now and then we hear from Lady Jeune a loud cry upon some social subject. She tells us how wicked society can be, and is, and then, after she has brought a curious crowd about her, attracted by the promising hope of more scandalous disclosures, she lectures very simply and to the point. Her last work, "Lesser Questions," which is attracting a good deal of attention, is a series of characteristic studies upon the evolution of women.

Lady Jeune is well known to all of us as the *Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns*, of George du Maurier's clever skits in *Punch*. She is the drawing room diplomat, somebody has said, who can engineer all Mayfair successfully through her rooms. She has led her husband, in his profession of the law, to heights he would most certainly have never attained without her, and she has kept all her claims to distinction well in evidence at the proper moment.

\* \* \*

SOMEBODY is telling a story of Kipling's

boyhood, which is eminently characteristic of the man the world has learned to know.

When he was twelve he went on a sea voyage with his father. The elder Kipling became very seasick and went below, leaving the youngster to himself. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door.

"Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard arm, and if he lets go he'll drown."

"Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

\* \* \* \* \*

IN "Round the Red Lamp," Dr. Conan Doyle has some interesting things to say concerning medicine in fiction. He wonders why nobody ever gets shingles or quinsy or mumps in a novel. The pet disease for fictitious characters appears to be brain fever, although no such malady really exists. "All the diseases, too," says Dr. Doyle, "belong to the upper part of the body. The novelist never strikes below the belt."

"There is a side of life which is too medical for the general public and too romantic for the professional journals, but which contains some of the richest human materials that a man could study. It would deal with strange outbursts of savagery and vice in the lives of the best men, and curious momentary weaknesses in the record of the sweetest women, known to but one or two, and inconceivable to the world around. It would throw a light upon those actions which have cut short many an honored career and sent many a man to prison when he should have been hurried to a consulting room."

Dr. Doyle has given us one or two of these stories in his collection; stories that make you shudder, that scorch and make you resentful. It is not a pleasant book.

Dr. Doyle also calls attention to the many notable instances in which doctors have died of the diseases they have studied most. "It's as if the morbid condition was an evil creature which, when it found itself closely hunted, flew at the throat of its pursuer."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE sudden and brilliant rise of Mr. S. R. Crockett is far from an unreasonable consequence. His work is so irreproachably finished and able that it would be surprising had he not won the instant and wide spread recognition and admiration which is his today. Mr. Crockett's last book, "Bog Myrtle and Peat," bears the imprint of a master hand. It is a collection of delightfully natural stories, with a deep underlying vein of pathos, and touches here and there of a humor that is as quaint and original as it is subtle. Mr. Crockett has strayed afield from the beaten way of Scotch brogue, and shown himself as undeniably a master of other atmospheres and tongues as he is of the aspect and dialect of the moors and glens. Two charming pieces of verse by Andrew Lang serve as prologue and epilogue.

With such work as "Bog Myrtle and Peat"

to commend him, Mr. Crockett should be for all time secure from scathing critics, and free to feel that he is heartily and feelingly appreciated by the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

A *FALLEN* idol is a very depressing object, and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins would best beware lest the reading public come to regard him in that light. The vacuity of "The God in the Car" was a sad shock, and it is doubtful whether "A Man of Mark" is so very much better. It has a strong resemblance to "The Prisoner of Zenda" in many ways, but it is far weaker than its famous predecessor. The kingdom of Ruritania has become the unstable little republic of Aureataland in South America, and it cannot be said that any one incident in the plot has a precise parallel in "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is simply the same kind of a novel, and when one knows this it is disappointing to find that it is not as good.

As far as "Father Stafford" is concerned, it is Mr. Hawkins' "other self" who has written that remarkably entertaining story. Mr. Hawkins seems to be two authors at once—one who rejoices in fierce fights and dark plots and strange situations, and another whose creations linger over coffee and afternoon tea, and say things that are sarcastic and witty and cynical without ever stopping for breath or pausing to survey the blasted and wounded characters strewn along the backward path. "Father Stafford" is an outcome of this latter mood, just as "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "A Man of Mark" are products of the former. "Father Stafford" is extremely clever, but it is a comparatively old book, lately reprinted, and therefore cannot be taken as a proof that Anthony Hope is maintaining his standard.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seems to be about time for Henry James, Jr., to come back to America, for his own refreshment, if not for ours. Time was when a new story by Henry James was an event. There were people who objected to the unfinished plots of his novels—the morbid sort of inquisitive people who would follow a good man beyond the grave to see whether he really had the proper passports to heaven or not; but we could not forget "Daisy Miller." Of late, however, Mr. James has been in bad company, and has shown forth the truth of the old copybook sentiment which tells us that evil communications corrupt good manners. He has become one of the *Yellow Book* clique, and has suffered his stories to lie in print beside the pictures of Aubrey Beardsley. He was mentioned by name in "The Green Carnation," as a man who left an evening party whenever an idea struck him, for fear it might be forcibly wrested from him ere he could leave the company; and he was jeered at as only needing to leave once or twice a season.

And now an American man of letters has finished him off to our satisfaction in a *mol.* Somebody asked this gentleman what he thought of Mr. James' plays.

"Well," he said, "there seem to be only

three objections to make to them. The first is that they are unactable; the second is that they are unreadable; and the third is that they are unspeakable."

"THE Silence of the Maharajah," by Marie Corelli, possesses above all things the saving grace of brevity. It is a little tale of East Indian army life, and contains enough tragedy to fill a three volume novel; but as a matter of fact the reader can readily finish it in half an hour. "The Silence of the Maharajah" is not a very imposing work at best, and we cannot but think that the Indian prince is but a poor sort of person to commit suicide because the woman he loves has been struck by her brutal husband. He would be far more worthy of his title and his race if he had followed his first impulse, and killed the brutal gentleman in question.

"THE Jewel of Ynys Galon," a book that bears the name Owen Rhoscomyl, frankly stamped in the preface as a *nom de guerre*, is a story of piracy in Wales. It is dedicated to the small boys who long to be buccaneers or Indian fighters, and to the men whose blood still stirs in their veins at thoughts of such boyish longings. It is a rollicking story of the good old sort, full of vigor and action, of "battle, murder, and sudden death," and with a rugged swing that suggests Stevenson. If anything it is a trifle too bloodthirsty. Mr. Stevenson has been criticised for the wanton slaughter and superfluous bloodshed in the memorable massacre on board the Flying Scud in "The Wrecker," but all the horrors of the latter book and "Treasure Island" combined are not a circumstance to the piling up of the agony in "The Jewel of Ynys Galon." Barring this, and the entirely unpronounceable nature of the names of the places and characters, the book is a thoroughly enjoyable one.

"TRYPHENA in Love," by Mr. Walter Raymond, is one of those refreshing bits of prose that are viewed as works of art by the confirmed seekers after new books. It is an English idyl, something like Mr. Norman Gale's "June Romance," and moving, if possible, even more smoothly and quietly than that charming book. The entire purity and repose of such a work as "Tryphena in Love" is indescribably grateful after the turmoil and tumult and heartbreak with which the fiction of today is saturated. It is a book to be read in the country, in a purity of atmosphere equal to its own; but from this very quietude it will never be what is known as a "popular" book. It lacks the swing and dash that it needs to commend it to those who read for excitement's sake, and still more does it lack the element of suggestiveness which would endear it to the readers of fashionable society. But to those who care at all for prose that is deliciously pure and fresh and exquisitely dainty, to those, in fine,

Who deem a snowflake fair,  
Or dreaming watch a drifting thistle seed,

this trifle of a "Tryphena in Love" will prove a veritable treasure.

IN his new book, "The King in Yellow," Mr. Chambers has touched the high water mark of the morbid in fiction. He has made a radical departure from traditional types of horror, and has succeeded to a certain extent in making his readers shiver; but it is all a great waste of time, and a distressing misapplication of the very considerable aptitude for story telling which Mr. Chambers undoubtedly possesses.

He reaches his highest level, not in his efforts to be terrible, but in his quieter and more rational stories. In these Mr. Chambers has given us a welcome addition to our stock of light fiction. Many of the tales are natural, vivid, and carefully told, and the gruesome flights of fancy that form the first third of "The King in Yellow" may not utterly fail to find admirers. The majority of self possessed and self respecting adults will view them with impatience, but they are eminently well calculated to encourage shudders and shrill shrieks in the sacred precincts of boarding schools for young ladies.

MR. ROBERT BARR has written a volume of stories which range from exceptionally good to inexpressibly dull. The book is called "The Face and the Mask"—a title which, in spite of an attempted explanation by the author, does not convey any very clear impression to the reader's mind, nor does it seem to have any particular connection with the book. Taken as a whole, "The Face and the Mask" is a bright and interesting volume, and one that will be very pleasant reading for the summer. Some of the stories are poor, very poor indeed; but there are several scenes in a gambling house that are capitally told, and one tale—"Where Innocence Is Bliss"—is so strikingly original and novel as to deserve especial mention.

PAUL BOURGET has had more than his share of American attention, although there isn't a first class reporter on the New York *Sun* who could not have written a more truthful and interesting account of the country, as a whole, than he gives in "Outre Mer." Perhaps some fine points in the analysis of an "afternoon tea mind" might have been left out of Mr. Townsend's or Mr. Ralph's account of New York, if either of them had been the *Sun* man chosen to tell the tale; but they would undoubtedly have given us a clear, historical, and interesting picture.

M. Bourget himself is deprecating the discussions the book has called out. He wants to know why people continue to talk about his denying grandfathers to Americans. He says that he considers it nothing against them; that he didn't have a grandfather himself; that he is a man of the people, who is quite satisfied to be known by his works without any advantages of family. It appears to him, he

adds, that Americans might be content with their good qualities without wanting to set up a new social code.

M. Bourget lives in a beautiful house in the most fashionable corner of Paris, and receives his friends, when they call in the morning, in a rustling silk dressing gown.

THE rehearsals of Victorien Sardou's latest drama, "Louis XVII," had only just commenced in Paris, when the French newspapers and reviews raised the cry of plagiarism—a cry that regularly accompanies every production of this rapid composer of finished plays, whose prolificness, it is claimed by many, is only equalled by his unscrupulousness as to the sources from which he borrows his ideas.

A careful review of the criticisms of Sardou's dramatic work during the last thirty years shows that all his more successful plays have had leading ideas in common with writings previously published by other authors. Here is a list of Sardou's works said to be plagiarized from the sources set down:

"Nos Intimes," from "Discours," by Rougemont.

"Pattes de Mouches," from "The Purloined Letter," by Edgar Allan Poe.

"Les Ganaches," from "Daniel Rock," by Erckmann-Chatrian.

"Les Pommes du Voisin," from "Une Aventure du Magistrat," by de Bernard.

"Maison Neuve," from Gozlan's novels.

"Patrie," from "Bataille de Toulouse," by Mery.

"Fernande," from "Leontine," by d'Ancelet.

"L'Oncle Sam," from "Scènes de la Vie des États Unis," by Assollant.

"Andrea," from "Medecin de Son Honneur," by Cornier.

"Daniel Rochat," from "Martura," by Viber.

"Divorçons," from "Brutus Lâche César," by Rozier.

"Odette," from "Piammina," by Uchard.

"Fedora," from "Drame de la Rue Paix," by Adolph Belot.

"Theodora," from "Impératrice Zœ," by Locroy.

"Thermidor," from "Chevalier de Maison Rouge," by Dumas.

"Madame Sans Gêne," from "Madame Maréchale," by Lemonnier.

"Gismonda," from "Ghismunda," by Rhan-gabé.

From this it would seem that Sardou does not go out of his way to purloin ideas suitable for his purposes. The French authors of fiction and history, or, as in the case of Poe, a French translation of a foreign work, suit him well enough. In extenuation it should be added, however, that some of the authors whose ideas Sardou is said to have appropriated were not over scrupulous in mentioning the sources of their own works. Perhaps they drew upon a common fountain of information.

French critics have not yet agreed among

themselves in whose brain the drama "Louis XVII" originated.

BUT Pomare's dog he scamper'd  
At the churchyard gate anon,  
And was lodged and fed and pamper'd  
Afterwards by Rose Pompon.

Forty seven years have passed since Heinrich Heine wrote these lines for his "Romanzero," and Rose Pompon has only just died in Paris. She was a dancer at the Mabilles, a rival of "La Reine" Pomare, famed as the inventor of the cancan. Their performances Heine has described in the following lines, composed in the midst of the fearful malady that chained "the naughty darling of the gods" to his "padded sepulcher" in the Rue Mantignon for the last eight years of his life:

She dances. How her figure sways!  
What grace her every limb displays!  
She's fitting, flashing, leaping, swinging,  
As she from out herself were springing.

She dances. 'Tis the very same  
That once Herodias' daughter came  
And danced to Herod. As she dances,  
Her eye casts round it deadly glances.

She'll dance me frantic. Woman, say,  
What shall be thy reward today?  
Thou smil'st? Quick, herald, to the gateway!  
Decapitate the Baptist straightway!

Pomare died at an early stage of her career, and Heine wrote a poem in her memory, from which the characteristic verse at the head of this paragraph has been quoted. Rose Pompon, in spite of the poet's predictions to the contrary, prospered in her chosen field of usefulness, and married first an Oriental prince and afterwards a Russian baron, each of whom left her a fortune. For the last ten or fifteen years the former queen of the Mabilles has lived in a pretty villa at Bougival, near Paris, where she was universally respected on account of her piety and riches. In her last will she set aside one thousand francs per year for the care of her grave, which will be kept green for centuries to come, while the last resting place of the poet, who died less than forty years ago, lies barren and neglected.

Poor Heinrich Heine! The writer visited the house in which he was born, on the Bolkerstrasse, Düsseldorf, a year or so ago, and found the lower story occupied by a butcher store, while seamstresses, shoemakers, and clerks lived in the upper floors. Nobody could point out the chamber in which the poet first saw light. And in his "Reisebilder" he boasted that the Bolkerstrasse mansion, after his death, would become the Mecca of thousands of tourists, of literary curiosity seekers the world over, and that the janitor would make more money by douceurs from "green veiled daughters of Albion," than he had ever collected for rent.

The friends and admirers of Heine have been very silent of late; perhaps Mascagni's successful opera "Ratcliff," the text of which is a

translation of Heine's drama of that name, will give him a new "boom."

\* \* \* \*

GUSTAV FREYTAG, the great German romancer, whose novels and dramas have been translated into English by Mrs. Malcolm, died on the 1st of May. He never belonged to a coterie, never tried to found a literary school, never endeavored to be in the fashion; it was his ambition to be a poet, pure and simple, and in this he succeeded so well that his writings have become more identified with all that is good and wholesome and patriotic, in the eyes of the German people, and in those of friends of literature the world over, than those of any other contemporary German writer.

The work that made Freytag famous was a cycle of stories illustrating German history—and for that matter, the history of civilization—from the earliest times to the present period. It was entitled "Our Forefathers," and recounted the history of a family through two thousand years, illustrating the traits and habits of the ancient Teuton, the Christianized northern German, the patrician of the middle ages, the patriot of the "wars of liberation," and the great merchant of the present age of commerce. Freytag was a German through and through, in his thoughts and feelings, in his virtues and his faults. Like Richard Wagner, he conquered the world in spite of the fact that he was eminently not a citizen of the world.

\* \* \* \*

GEORGE EBERS writes to a friend in New York that, so far, the American copyright law has afforded him little or no protection for his literary wares. "The German libraries, newspapers, and periodicals in America," he says, "usually set the pace for the native robbers to follow. They reprint my novels without a word of explanation, just as if I was on their pay roll, and when remonstrated with envelop their seedy identities into dignified silence; they will neither answer letters nor permit themselves to be goaded to engage in controversies. After these worthies of my own nationality, the piratical translator, or several of them, have their innings at my expense. The late William Gottsberger—good men in this business of ours are short lived—was in the habit of buying from me the privilege of publishing copyrighted translations; but that d.d not prevent other houses from issuing the spurious article.

"Mr. Gottsberger, several years ago, sold out to the Appletons, and that firm has continued to pay royalties on my works, which are issued in copyrighted and excellent translations. It would be ungrateful of me to say that I do not profit by the favor with which Americans regard my literary efforts, but I do claim that these profits would be ten times greater, to my American publishers and myself, if the copyright law of the United States were not constructed for the benefit of pirates first, and for that of authors last."

The Messrs. Appleton confirm the German author's statement. "Although we copyright

all of Ebers' works," said a member of the firm, "we cannot prevent other translations from being published. If we could publish our translations simultaneously with the appearance of the books in Germany, we should have a right, under the law, to interfere with the publication of other translations; but we are not quite sure that even then we should win our case.

"If Dr. Ebers published his books in the original simultaneously on both sides of the ocean, that would protect them effectively, and his royalties would materially increase. We pay him royalties on every one of his books sold, no matter whether other translations appear or not. He sends us advance sheets as quickly as they leave the press, but we have never been able to bring out one of his books at the same time with the original edition, although that might forestall spurious translations from being published. His 'Cleopatra,' 'A Thorny Path,' and 'The History of My Life,' have had a fair sale. We are now about to publish his latest work, entitled 'In the Fire of the Forge.'"

\* \* \* \*

At the recent sale of a library which has been in the possession of a noted Berlin family for a hundred and fifty years or more, a singular document was discovered—a record of the victims of the Paris guillotine from March, 1793, to June 22, 1794. It appears to be a well authenticated paper, for a marginal note says that it was reprinted in the "Revolutionary Almanac," issued by the government of the first French republic during the Reign of Terror. The document corrects, to some extent, the popular idea that victims of the revolution were slaughtered by the hundred, day after day. According to this authority, not more than 1,514 persons were beheaded in the French capital during the period mentioned. The crimes which they expiated are set opposite the names in the list, and strange and weird are some of the specified offenses against the dignity of the republic. We quote at random:

April 19, Catherine Clerc, servant girl, because she wished for a king.

April 28, Mangol, cabman, 21 years old, because he said in a *brasserie* that the nation consisted of rascals, thieves, and hound-dogs, and ought to have a king to govern them.

December 2, Suder, shoemaker, from Landau, Germany, because he insisted upon selling badly made shoes with "aristocratic" heels to the members of the provisional government.

December 9, Vandenyver, from Amsterdam, banker, because he and his sons were very rich.

January 1, Vauchenpute, priest, 39 years old; some blood of Louis the XVI, soaked in a handkerchief, was found in his room.

January 2, Custume Junior, 25 years old, because he was royal plenipotentiary in Berlin in 1791, and was greatly admired.

April 13, Arthur Dillon, general of division, 43 years old, used to be the pet of the court, where he was known as the "beautiful Arthur."

December 24, Caroline Adam, from Berlin, because she was probably a spy.

For the same reason Kitchchen, from the Black Forest, Messner, a waiter from Munich, and an actress of the Italian theater, "Grand Maison Buisett," kept Mme. Adam company on her last journey, together with "two priests from the country," seventy nine and eighty years old respectively. The list includes among others 99 priests, 192 army officers, 154 women from all stations in life, and 32 "writers and scribblers." It will shortly be published on both sides of the water, in German, English, and French, with a historical commentary.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH writes very little nowadays, but when he puts his pen to paper the result has a value. It might be said that New England has no living author of whom she is prouder than Mr. Aldrich. His personal popularity fully keeps up with his literary reputation. He has no small vanities, and he is a man of the world as well as a man of letters.

During a visit to England, upon one occasion, Mr. Aldrich was the guest of William Black, with a number of other well known people. An English journalist of some distinction, who had no time to keep in touch with the personality of poets, met Mr. Aldrich, and they became excellent friends. They went on long shooting expeditions together, and found each other more than good companions. The last night of their stay came, and after dinner Mr. Black made a little speech, in which he spoke of Mr. Aldrich's poetry in a graceful fashion. The London journalist gave a gasp, and looked at Mr. Aldrich, who rose to make a response, as if he had never seen him before. As the poet sat down he leaned over him.

"Say, Aldrich, are you the man who writes books?"

"Yes," Mr. Aldrich said. "I am glad you didn't know, for I was sure you liked me for myself."

THE dramatization and the almost simultaneous publication in book form of "Pudd'nhead Wilson" have reawakened public interest in Mr. Clemens' work. Mark Twain has done some very able writing in the course of his literary career, and it is more than probable that the best part of it is to be found in the pages of "Pudd'nhead Wilson." The epigrammatic extracts from *Pudd'nhead's* calendar, which head the chapters, are thoroughly characteristic of Mark Twain, and have that peculiar faculty of lingering in the reader's memory which is found in the interviews with guides in "The Innocents Abroad," or in the immortal falsehoods of *Tom Sawyer*.

But "Pudd'nhead Wilson" in book form is heavily handicapped by two things—the poor illustrations and the preposterous sketch called "Those Extraordinary Twins." It is almost inconceivable that Mr. Clemens should have permitted such drivel as the latter to be pub-

lished in his name, and particularly that he should have allowed it to mar the unity of his really clever "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

SPEAKING of illustrations, Mr. Harry McVickar has surprised his most ardent admirers by his work in Mr. John Kendrick Bangs' latest book, "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica." Unkind people have said of Mr. McVickar that he was a portrayer of ornamental borders, smart clothes, and furniture, and that he had no knowledge of human nature, humor, or anatomy. In his illustrations to "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica" Mr. McVickar has displayed an infinite humor, together with all his old beauty of execution, and the result is extremely attractive. His work is the best part of the book.

WHEN Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr reached her seventieth birthday, not long ago, the whole town of Rutland, Vermont, where she lives, made a holiday to do her honor. The president of the local Shakspeare club made a speech in which he called her "the first citizen of Rutland."

Mrs. Dorr lives in a beautiful home, "The Maples," which is full of odd corners, and of old furniture inherited from a long line of ancestors. She was a Miss Ripley, but she never wrote until after she was married. Her husband sent some of her first verses to the old *Union Magazine*. They were published, and she has held a pen ever since.

It is something of a relief, in these days of immoral and imbecile literature, to pick up Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's "Two Women and a Fool." The failings of the day are echoed in it, more or less, but at the same time the book has a delicacy of touch that reminds one strongly of de Maupassant, mingled with a telling, albeit sparing, use of epigram that is distinctly original. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has proved that he can be frivolous without boring his readers, and suggestive without verging for a moment on coarseness. "Two Women and a Fool" is more than an agreeable book; it is a clever one. But Mr. Charles Dana Gibson was not in his best and happiest mood when he took it upon himself to illustrate Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's novel, for the eight drawings with which it is amplified lack his usual strength and accuracy.

THE Standard Dictionary, of which the second and concluding volume has lately been issued by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, is a very handsome, carefully compiled, and conveniently arranged work, and one with which the editors and publishers may well be content. It might be said that the "Century Dictionary" was all sufficient, but of course the great difficulty there was one of price. The advent of the "Standard" has supplied the market with a thoroughly reliable and comprehensive lexicon that is within the reach of the average pocket; and that is something of which the public has been in need for a long time.

## IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

HITHERTO the United States has figured among the commercial nations of the world as a large vendor of raw materials and food stuffs, and a heavy purchaser of finished articles of manufacture. This has been the natural position of a comparatively new country, with a vast productive area, immense mineral resources, and a relatively scanty population. Today, there are many signs that a change is impending and has indeed already begun; that America is ready to enter the lists as a manufacturing nation, and to become the world's great workshop rather than its granary.

It has been shown repeatedly that with the continued increase of our own population, and with the exhaustion of the virgin areas of the West, we are steadily approaching a point at which we shall have no surplus of food materials to export. On the other hand, the extension of our manufacturing industries and the progress of our mechanical invention have given us the power to find for our finished wares a wide and rapidly growing market in foreign countries.

The tendency in this direction has been especially marked in the last few years. Take, for purposes of comparison, the official figures for the year 1888—which was a fair average year of its period—and those for the twelve months ending last June. Half a dozen years ago we sent abroad agricultural implements to the value of \$2,645,187; last year, to the value of \$5,027,915—almost double. Our exports of chemical goods rose in the same period from \$5,633,972 to \$7,400,953; of manufactures of iron and steel, from \$17,768,028 to \$29,220,264; of leather and manufactures of leather, from \$9,583,411 to \$14,283,429; of distilled spirits, from \$871,377 to \$5,676,936. In the important branch of cotton fabrics the advance was only from \$13,013,189 to \$14,340,886, but at the lower prices of 1894 this last figure represents a much larger increase in the volume of trade than in the value of the goods exported. And all through the list it must be remembered that the latter year was one of unprecedented commercial depression, while 1888 was a period of at least average business prosperity.

American mowing and reaping machines are now the standard in nearly all countries. American clocks and American tools are equally well known. The mining machinery of South Africa is American. We furnish cotton ties to India, bar iron to China, and iron pipes all over the world—underselling English goods even in England itself. We have recently begun to send abroad fine cloths and shoes, and paper is another new and important article of export. In these and other lines our great advantage as manufacturers lies in our rapid improvement of machinery. It may be said that where the European workman is

satisfied to follow the method that he has learned, the American is continually trying to "go it one better." "You go into a factory one day," a New York merchant is reported as saying, "and you will see something being done by hand; you go there next week, and you will find that some workman in the factory has invented a machine to do the work." In the manufacture of machinery we are always in the lead, and the foreigner who thinks to compete with us by buying our machines finds that by the time he gets them set up they are back numbers in this country. We have invented something better, something faster, and we beat him out just the same.

"America," according to the authority already quoted, "will in the near future dominate all the markets of the world in the production of manufactured goods." This may perhaps be a somewhat sanguine estimate of the pace of our industrial progress, yet it is an interesting statement based on unquestioned facts.

\* \* \* \*

"PUT it down as a rule," the late Dr. James Walker of Harvard once said, "that no really eminent lawyer ever reads a book." The rule is one to which, no doubt, exceptions could readily be found; but there is truth in it as a statement of the increasing difficulty of finding leisure for books amid the stress of modern life. As one of the learned professions, the law might be thought to have a special affinity for literature; but the lawyer of today has little time for fiction, or philosophy, or poetry.

So too is it in other lines of work; competition is so fierce, the race for success so keen, that men must give all their powers to their special task. So great are the cares of wealth, that the rich, in many cases, have less leisure than the poor. Women, too, feel the same forcing of society's pace, and the leader of fashion is its victim no less than the drudge of the laborer's cottage.

The last few decades, which have witnessed the introduction of popular education, might have been expected to bring about an incalculable expansion of the production of books. Instead they have seen a comparative, if not an actual, decline in the supremacy of that form of literature; and the great cause of this, no doubt, is the general increase of engrossing occupations. We do more than our ancestors, we see more and hear more, and very probably we read more, too, but we do not read books. We have plenty of odd minutes for the daily newspaper and the magazines, but we have no leisure hours for the long drawn out romance or the volume of philosophical speculations. We seek the most timely, the most novel, and the most practically useful reading matter, and we demand it in the briefest and crispest form—the

form in which a modern periodical sets it before us.

The mechanical inventions that have made possible the great Sunday newspaper at five cents, and the finely illustrated magazine at ten cents, are now giving us cheaper books. This is a factor in the situation that has its influence. It has contributed greatly to the immense sale of some of the most recent successes in fiction. It may do something towards creating a new class of book readers among the poorer classes, who, paradoxical as the statement may seem, very frequently have more leisure than the rich. But the cheapening process has its limit, and it is doubtful whether it can greatly avail against the tendencies that are at work to lessen or destroy the old preëminence of the bound volume as the chief embodiment of current literature.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE faculty of Mount Union College, an Ohio academy at which students of both sexes are educated, is reported to have instituted measures to suppress certain demonstrations of what is popularly known as flirting, alleged to have been carried on between the young men and the young women under its charge. Its action, and the statements the president of the college is said to have made, have attracted comments both favorable and unfavorable.

The subject is an important and a delicate one. How far is it advisable to give play, in such cases, to the natural and ineradicable attraction between the sexes? On the one hand, it is argued that young people are sure to experience this attraction, whatever their surroundings; that its influence is, in the great majority of instances, for good and not for evil; and that matches might as well be made at a college as anywhere else. On the other hand it is objected that students attend such an institution for one special purpose—to acquire an education, and that there could scarcely be a more serious interference with study than the fancy that lightly turns to thoughts of love. Besides, it is urged that there is a wide difference between the social freedom of young people in their own community, with the guiding influences of home and family about them, and their meeting as fellow pupils at a school or college, where those influences can at best be but partially felt.

The question is one that educational authorities must treat with judgment, wisdom, and common sense.

\* \* \* \* \*

PATRIOTIC citizens are congratulating themselves upon the popularity of Antonin Dvorak's beautiful and inspiring "New World Symphony," and are anticipating with pleasure the same composer's cantata "The American Flag," now being rehearsed by the New York Musical Society under the conductorship of Frank Dossert. Meanwhile a custom which, it seemed to us, was particularly calculated to stimulate the patriotic and emotional instinct of the nation is gradually slipping away from us. We refer to the practice fol-

lowed for a time in all the theaters, the country over, to play a national air at the close of each performance.

MUNSEY'S recently sent a circular letter to theatrical managers in several of the great cities of America, asking the question, "Did or did not the public take kindly to the national air while it was being performed nightly at your house?" From the answers received we learn that "The Star Spangled Banner" was banished from the repertoire of the theaters' orchestras in some cases because "there was no demand for it," in others because "the people got tired of it"; or again, "because of apathy shown by the audience." One or two managers claim that the practice was looked upon as "a species of Anglo-mania" which ought not to be encouraged. Another says, in substance, that "it struck him as sacrilegious" to play the national anthem at the conclusion of a purely farcical performance.

In some houses, it seems, "The Star Spangled Banner" is still being performed once in a great while. In a few the leader of the orchestra—who in nine cases out of ten is a foreigner—is permitted to select the music at pleasure. Only one theatrical firm has the courage to say that the practice should be revived. At one prominent metropolitan playhouse, however—Palmer's—it has never been dropped, and the manager declares that it will not be dropped while he remains in control of his theater.

We think that the practice is a commendable one, and deserves greater encouragement than it seems to have received.

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR amateur sprinters and gymnasts, fencers and wrestlers, crack shots and yachting enthusiasts, cyclists and lawn tennis players, polo experts and gentlemen riders—all are invited to participate in goodly numbers at the revival of the Olympic games to be inaugurated at Athens on the 5th of April, 1896, and to last for ten days. Some of our colleges are already preparing for the classic arena of muscle and prowess. It is proposed to send American athletes direct from New York to Athens by special steamer, and committees are forming and money is being collected for this undertaking, the success of which is guaranteed by the international committee having the arrangements in hand. Among the presiding officers will be many crowned heads, besides the most distinguished men of Europe in the realms of art and letters. President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. William T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, represent America in the committee. The principal agitator for a revival of the historic games was Baron de Coubertin, known to Americans as the author of a sympathetic study of our educational system and our national sports, published by order of the French government. Coubertin spent several years in this country. He entertains the highest opinion of our amateur sports of every description, and believes

athletics to be of vital importance to the morals and the education of a great people.

The revived Olympic games are to be celebrated at intervals of four years, like those of old; but the original arena in the Peloponnesus is too inaccessible to suit modern ideas, and the meetings will be held in the various capitals of the world successively. After the inauguration in Athens next year, they are to be moved to Paris on the occasion of the great exhibition in 1900; the third modern Olympiad will be celebrated in New York in 1904, the fourth in London in 1908.

An athletic pilgrimage to the ancient land of Hellas, to the fountain head of classics, as it were, will be a liberal education to American young men. Greece is a small country, and can be easily traversed on foot in a month or so. After the games are over, victors and defeated will have an opportunity to visit the scenes of ancient glory, either staff in hand or on the ever faithful bicycle. All those with sporting blood in them will probably be anxious to see Olympia, "the loveliest vale of all Hellas," the spot where Hercules subjugated King Augeas, and in commemoration of this feat started the greatest national games ever held; where for many centuries Greece's leaders of literature and science, as well as her gymnasts and warriors, assembled every fourth year to win or see won the historic laurel wreaths and palm branches.

While we have always admired the way in which the Greeks conducted their national games, we cannot help expressing our satisfaction at one great and decisive innovation planned by the committee in charge of the modern revival. Lovely woman will not be excluded from the grounds, as of old. On the contrary, she will be the queen of the day. The old Hellenes stoned the girl or matron who dared to attend the Olympian games. Modern Greece invites all the fair women of the world to visit the country of classic memories. Such is the progressive enlightenment of latter day civilization.

\* \* \* \*

THE latest assault upon a time honored maxim is the outcry raised by an English medical journal against the early rising theory. For generations we have been instructed by those older and presumably wiser than ourselves that, in conjunction with an avoidance of nocturnal vigils,

#### Early to rise

Is the way to be healthy and wealthy and wise.

For centuries our youth have been taught to regard the late riser as a depraved and degraded creature. He has been held up to scorn by writers, from Solomon, who sternly bade him to seek instruction from the humble but industrious ant, down to Dr. Isaac Watts, who drew an awful lesson from the somnolent cottager's nefarious cry,

"You have waked me too soon—I must slumber again!"

And now comes the medical iconoclast with his calmly scientific assertion that the morning hours are not the best; that early rising, especially if it curtail the night's rest, is a strain upon the vital forces, which do not come into full play until midday; and that the inclination to rise with the lark, far from being a sign of bodily vigor and strength of character, is an indication of advancing age and approaching decay.

The proverbial allowance of sleep, which allows six hours to a man, seven to a woman, eight to a child, and nine to a fool, has been pretty thoroughly exploded already. Few modern authorities regard eight hours of slumber as too much for the actual needs of the average worker. Must we go further, and formulate the doctrine that it is unhealthy to break our sleep until the natural demand for it has been supplied—in other words, to get up before we feel inclined to do so? A pleasant and convenient theory, truly! As the old rhymster said:

Beasts arise betimes, but then—  
They are beasts, and we are men!

According to the British medical authority, this frankly hedonistic philosophy is sounder and better than the ascetic doctrines of the divines and moralists.

In all this discussion, however, an important point seems to be overlooked. "Early" and "late" are purely relative terms. There can be no great difference between one stage of the clock and another as conventional times for sleeping and waking, so long as the twenty four hours are properly divided between activity and rest. To slumber from 9 P.M. to 5 A.M. is no doubt precisely as refreshing—allowing, of course, for cases of individual preference or habit—as to slumber from 12 P.M. to 8 A.M.; only the former selection of hours seems to be more in accordance with nature's plan. But the real question would appear to be not "When ought we to get up?" but "How long ought we to sleep?"

\* \* \* \*

SEVERAL correspondents have informed us that a paragraph which appeared in this department last month, commenting upon a recent murder trial in Kansas, was based on an erroneous report of the proceedings. It seems that the man found guilty of the crime was not convicted on the ground that he had hypnotized the actual perpetrator, but from evidence that he had had a grudge against the murdered man, had planned the deed, and had furnished the weapon. His agent was acquitted upon what was practically a plea of insanity. Hypnotism, we are assured, did not enter into the case in any way.

For this disappearance of the foundation of a striking story we have to blame the press agencies, whose account of the affair we quoted from the daily papers. It is scarcely necessary to add that in our comments upon it there was no intention whatever of casting any slur upon the judiciary of Kansas.

## THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

### IT STRUCK THE BULL'S EYE.

AN editor of a metropolitan journal—a clever fellow with a keen eye—remarked, on reading what we said about stories in the April issue, that we had made a bad break. This was the time that that keen eye of his failed to be keen. As a matter of fact, we have never published anything in this magazine that has caused such wide spread and favorable comment as the editorial in question. We stated quite frankly what we wanted—what a story should be, as we see it; and we were not especially considerate of the “pretty” writing, the alleged stories, of the day.

The editorial struck the bull's eye. The ring has been unmistakable. The press everywhere has taken up the subject, quoting us, and praying for a better era of fiction—crying out against the flat, aimless, colorless “story” that is no story at all.

We have had thousands of letters from our readers, commending us for the stand we have taken; and what is best of all is the evidence that comes to us daily, of an awakening on the part of writers to a realization of the deplorable “stuff” they have been turning out.

Now that the people have wearied of this flimsy fiction, and demand a return to something that has good, strong, human interest in it, we may safely expect to see a corps of American writers come forward who will do credit to the country. At the present time it is not too much to say, lamentable though it be, that almost all the fiction worth reading is written on the other side of the Atlantic. This is not as it should be; this is not as it will be. We can do almost anything in America, and do it well when we go at it right. The trouble has been with us that for a generation we have been working on wrong lines. We have simply gone mad on dialect stories, character sketches, silly “endings,” and the like. It has seemed to be a sign of culture to pretend to enjoy this miserable rubbish, and accordingly the whole nation has gorged itself for years with the twaddle until human nature cries out bitterly against any more such pap.

### SOME GOOD STORIES THIS MONTH.

THE result of our war on the “washed out” story is that we are receiving some better fiction—not the best that might be written, but good—decidedly worth reading. Last month we went to press almost without fiction—with only two short stories. In this issue we show a handsome advance—one serial and four short stories. Next month we hope to do even better. We have good grounds for this hope. We

have taken hold of this matter in earnest—with the same earnestness that in point of circulation and advertising has made MUNSEY'S king among magazines. We stated more than a year ago that it was our purpose to make a better magazine than the world has yet seen. We knew it would take time to get there. The trend has all the while been in the right direction. Fiction has been one of our weakest points. It is going to be one of our strongest points. After all there is nothing that appeals to the people so forcefully as good, robust stories. They can be had. Here is one of them by Hall Caine, “Unto the Third and Fourth Generation.” It is an exceptionally strong piece of fiction. The style is delightfully simple, forceful, direct. It might well be taken as a model by writers who fancy that a story cannot be told without high flown periods and ornate phrases. It is founded on material drawn from every day life, and yet it is strikingly original. This goes to show that the mine of human nature has not been exhausted. On the contrary, we believe that there is as good ore there as has ever been dug out. We have set a force to work to dig it out. Here is a nugget, “The Tragedy of Khartoum.” It compresses into few words the happiness, the heartache, the adventure, the pathos of a life—the drama of a life.

### THE DIGNITY OF ADVERTISING.

WITHIN a quarter of a century advertising in America has developed from the tin whistle and bilious pill type to one of dignity and solid commercial enterprise. We refer especially to advertising designed for mediums of general circulation—not to local advertising. No branch of business has made greater strides; no branch has risen more rapidly from obscurity to a commanding position. Its progress has been on right lines. The advertiser—the representative advertiser—is no longer the patent medicine vendor, the novelty fakir, but the manufacturer, the merchant, the publisher, the financier, the educator. And all this has come about within a generation—almost within a decade—raising advertising to such a point of importance that no man, wishing to bring his business to the attention of the people—and we mean the whole people of this great, broad, bustling land—can longer ignore it. There are brains in advertising today. It commands the brightest minds, the most subtle pens. It is a science, an art, an argument.

Before advertising assumed its present importance, the middleman, the jobber, was absolute in his importance. He could make or

**DON'T FORGET THIS.**—If you will show MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE to your friends and secure for us five new subscribers, sending us one dollar for each name, we will give you a year's subscription free for yourself in return for your trouble.

break a manufacturer. He can't do it today. As advertising has broadened, he has diminished. He is but a shadow of his former greatness, and the people are the gainers thereby.

Advertising has brought the consumer and the manufacturer closer together—in many cases absolutely together. It is the modern way of reaching the people—of telling the people what you have for them—of the merits of your goods, of your school, your hotel, your system of insurance—of anything and everything about which you wish the people to know. And who can tell these things so well as you—you the owner, the proprietor—you whose word stands for something in the community, in the country?

#### THE ADVERTISER AND THE READER.

Now that advertising has reached a point of commercial honor the advertiser is as important to the magazine reader as the reader is to the advertiser. The latter spends hundreds of millions of dollars annually to tell the reader—the wide awake reader—just what he wants to know—what he should know. It is very kind of the advertiser to do this—generous, philanthropic. He is a public benefactor. We say it seriously. It is through him that the reader keeps in touch with progress, with the trend of prices, with inventions and improvements, and these mean something to the man who would spend his money wisely—mean something to the woman who would not be deceived in what she buys, and swindled in the price she pays.

In this age of invention, of mechanical perfecting, you are sure to wake up and find that you have bought something that is out of date, unless you watch the advertising pages of the magazines—that mirror of commercial enterprise. Inasmuch as this information is spread before you free of cost, you—no, not you, but the other fellow less progressive than yourself, is, perhaps, wont to pass lightly over pages that mean so much to the man who profits by the information at his command.

It is not too much to say that if business men did not advertise, and if the facts contained in the advertisements of the day were published in pamphlet or book form and offered for sale, there would be a fortune in the enterprise for the publisher. And why? Simply because the information (now had in the shape of advertisements) is the very thing the people want—you want. Without it, you could not make your purchases with the same intelligence and safety with which you now make them—could not make your investments with the same discretion with which you now make them.

Hence we say that the advertiser is as important to the reader as the reader is to the advertiser. And let us add, in connection with this

statement, that we were immensely gratified, a few days ago, at a tangible proof of the keen eyes of our readers. The evidence was furnished by an advertiser who appears regularly and in generous space, in this magazine as well as others. The record showed an astounding excess of replies from MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, over those received through any other medium; all of which goes to sustain the claim we have constantly made, that our readers are wide awake, up to date men and women—who have money to spend and spend it generously, intelligently.

#### PERFECTING OUR ART PAGES.

We have had the reputation, during the last year and a half, of having the best illustrations of any of the magazines. At times we have had some doubt of our meriting this reputation. We have, however, aimed to bear up with fortitude and dignity. But all this pertains to the past, and was mainly due to the imperfect press work of outside printing houses. Now that we have our own printing and binding plants completed, we shall be able to command the situation—able to produce an even grade of work—a better grade of work than ever before.

#### A MEASUREMENT IN TONS.

A SINGLE edition of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE weighs nearly *two hundred tons*. We are accustomed to speak of tons of lead and iron and coal, but not of tons of magazines, and yet the tremendous weight of a single edition of MUNSEY'S may well be measured in this way. This measurement will give you a better conception of what a five hundred thousand edition of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE means. By way of antithesis, let us add that something over a year ago we could not measure MUNSEY'S *by tons or even by the ton*.

#### AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.

THIS is summer. You will go to the country—to Europe. You can't get along without MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. It is a necessity. The thing for you to do is to ask your usual news-dealer to forward the magazine to you every month. This suggestion is worth your attention. You are not sure of finding MUNSEY'S in Europe or wherever you may go for the summer. You want to be happy—to enjoy your outing. Could you hope for this without MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE?

#### LET US REPEAT IT.

We have said it before; we have said it several times before; we can't say it too often—namely, that there is hardly a family anywhere to which money means so much—ten cents means so much—that it cannot well afford to exchange ten cents a month for the art, the information, the pleasure, that a copy of MUNSEY'S will bring to the fireside.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**—Do not subscribe to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE through agents unknown to you personally. If you do you may find that you have been victimized. Every few days we receive complaints from people in various parts of the country who have subscribed to MUNSEY'S through some swindler. The subscription, of course, never reaches this office.





"The Little Duchess."

*From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by Van Den Bos.*